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THE

WORKS

OF

HANNAH MORE.

VOL. I.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL
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WORKS

OF

HANNAH MORE,

IN EIGHT VOLUMES:

INCLUDING

Several Pieces never before publiſhed.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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THE TANJORE … MAHAL.

PREFACE.

Whatever objections may be urged againſt the literary character of the preſent day, it muſt however be allowed to exhibit an evident improvement in ſome material points. It is, for inſtance, no new obſervation, that vanity and flattery are now leſs generally oſtenſible even in the moſt indifferent authors than they were formerly in ſome of the beſt. The moſt ſelf-ſufficient writer is at length driven, by the prevailing ſenſe of propriety, to be contented with *thinking* himſelf the prime genius of the age; but he ſeldom ventures to *tell* you that he thinks ſo. Vanity is compelled to acquire or to aſſume a better taſte.

That ſpirit of independence alſo, which has in many reſpects impreſſed ſo miſ-

chievous a ſtamp on the public character, has perhaps helped to correct the ſtyle of Prefaces and Dedications. Literary patronage is ſo much *ſhorn of its beams*, that it can no longer enlighten bodies which are in themſelves opake; ſo much abridged of its power that it cannot force into notice a work which is not able to recommend itſelf. The favour of an individual no longer boaſts that buoyant quality which enables that to ſwim which by its own nature is diſpoſed to ſink. The influence of an Auguſtus, or a Louis Quatorze, of a Mecænas, a Dorſet, or a Halifax, could not now procure readers, much leſs could it compel admirers for the panegyriſt, if the panegyriſt himſelf could command admiration on no better ground than the authority of the patron. The once dilated Preface is ſhrunk into plain apology or ſimple expoſition. The long and lofty Dedication is (generally ſpeaking) dwindled into a ſober expreſſion of reſpect for public virtue, a conciſe tribute of affection to

te friendſhip, or an acknowledgment
erſonal obligation. It is no longer ne-
y for the dependant to be prophane in
to be grateful. No more are all the
e attributes ſnatched from their right-
ſſeſſor, and impiouſly appropriated by
needy writer to the opulent patron.
ill makes indeed the eulogium of his
ctor, but not his apotheoſis. The
ſt poet of our day dares not venture,
him who has however ſo gloriouſly ac-
liſhed his own prediction, to ſay, in
any words, that his own work is more
me than the royal height of pyramids.
whatever ſecret compact he may make
ts duration, does he openly undertake
omiſe for his verſe, that it ſhall flow
*al with the rivers, and ſurvive the
liſhed forms of the religion of his country.*
moſt venal poetic paraſite no longer
es his protector, with "unhappy Dry-
n," that mankind can no more ſub-
ithout *his* poetry, (the Earl of Mid-

 dleſex's

dlesex's poetry !) than the world can sist without the daily course of Divine vidence. And it is but justice to the sober spirit of living literature to ob that our modesty would revolt (puttin sense and our religion out of the quest were a modern poet to offer even a perial patron to pick and chuse his loc among the Constellations; or, as author has expressed it on a similar occa "to ask what apartment of the Zodia "would be pleased to occupy."

So far at least our taste is refor And may we not venture to hope, from affinity which should subsist between co judgment and unadulterated principle, our ideas of truth and manly integrity improved also?

But it is time that I confine mysel the more immediate object of the presen dress, in which, in avoiding the explo evil I have been reprobating, I would affectedly run into the opposite, and haps prevailing extreme.

It may not, it is prefumed, be thought neceffary to apologize for the publication of this collection, by enumerating all the reafons which produced it. "Defire of "friends" is now become a proverbial fatire; the poet is driven from that once creditable refuge, behind which an unfounded eagernefs to appear in print ufed to fhelter itfelf; and is obliged to abandon the untenable forts and faftneffes of this laft citadel of affectation. Dr. Johnfon's farcafm upon one plea will apply to all, and put to flight the whole hackneyed train of falfe excufes—"If the book were not writ- "ten to be printed, I prefume it was printed "to be read."

Thefe fcattered pieces, befides that they had been fuffered to pafs thro' fucceffive Editions, with little or no correction, were, in their original appearance, of all fhapes and fizes, and utterly unreducible to any companionable form. Several new pieces are here added, and moft of the old ones confiderably altered and enlarged. The

third volume is preceded by its own apology. The "Eſſays" are omitted, as being a very juvenile production, and becauſe the ſubjects of a few of them were analogous to ſome which have been taken up on higher ground and treated more in detail in the "Strictures on Female Education." If it ſhould be queſtioned whether the Tales which occupy the fourth and fifth volumes ought to have made a part of this Collection, I can only anſwer, that tho' in their original appearance it was found expedient to adopt a more than uſually familiar manner, and colloquial ſtyle; yet, in all that relates to ſentiment and principle, and the ends of general utility, I am not conſcious of having, on any occaſion, taken more pains. They are here given in an enlarged and improved form.

I ſhould bluſh to reproduce ſo many ſlight productions of my early youth, did I not find reaſon to be ſtill more aſhamed, that after a period of ſo many years the progreſs will be found to have been ſo inconſiderable,

fiderable, and the difference fo little apparent.

If I fhould prefume to fuggeft as an apology for having ftill perfifted to publifh, that of the latter productions, ufefulnefs has been more invariably the object; whereas in many of the earlier, amufement was more obvioufly propofed; if I were inclined to palliate my prefumption by pleading

That not in Fancy's maze I wander'd long;

it might be retorted that the implied plea, in favour of the latter publications, exhibits no furer proof of humility in this inftance than in the other. That, if in the firft it was no evidence of the modefty of the writer to fancy fhe could amufe, in the laft it furnifhes little proof of the modefty of the woman to fancy that fhe can inftruct. Now to amufe, or to inftruct, or both, is fo undeniably the intention of all who obtrude their works on the public, that no preliminary apology, no prefatory humiliation

miliation can quite do away the charge of a certain confcioufnefs of talents which is implied in the very undertaking. The author profeffes his inability, but he produces his book; and by the publication itfelf controverts his own avowal of alleged incapacity. It is to little purpofe that the words are difparaging while the deed is affuming. Nor will that profeffion of felf-abafement be much regarded which is contradicted by an act that fuppofes felf-confidence.

If however there is too feldom found in the writer of the book, all the humility which the Preface announces, he may be allowed to plead on humility, which is at leaft comparative. On this ground may I be permitted to declare, that at no period of my life did I ever feel fuch unfeigned diffidence at the individual appearance of even the flighteft pamphlet (the flendernefs of whofe dimenfions might carry fome excufe for the fmall proportion of profit or pleafure it conveyed), as I now feel at fending this, perhaps too voluminous, col-

lection

lection into the world. This ſelf-diſtruſt may naturally be accounted for, by reflecting that this publication is deliberately made, not only at a time of life when I ought beſt to know my own faults, and the faults of my writings; but is made alſo at ſuch a diſtance from the moment in which the ſeveral pieces were firſt ſtruck out, that the mind has had time to cool from the hurry and heat of compoſition: the judgment has had leiſure to operate, and it is the effect of that operation to rectify falſe notions and to correct raſh concluſions. The critic, even of his own works, grows honeſt, if not acute, at the end of twenty years. The image, which he had fancied glowed ſo brightly when it came freſh from the furnace, time has quenched; the ſpirit, which he thought fixed and eſſential, has evaporated; many of the ideas which he impoſed not only on his reader, but on himſelf, for originals, more reading and more obſervation compel him to reſtore to their owners. And having detected, from the

perufal

perufal of abler works, either plagiarifms in his own, of which he was not aware, or coincidences which will pafs for plagiarifms; and blending with the new judgment of the critic, the old indignation of the poet, who of us in this cafe is not angry with thofe who have *faid our good things before us?* We not only difcover that what we thought we had invented we have only remembered; but we find alfo that what we had believed to be perfect is full of defects; in that which we had conceived to be pure gold we difcover much tinfel. For the revifion, as was obferved above, is made at a period when the eye is brought by a due remotenefs into that juft pofition which gives a clear and diftinct view of things; a remotenefs which difperfes "the illufions "of vifion," fcatters the mifts of vanity, reduces objects to their natural fize, reftores them to their exact fhape, makes them appear to the fight fuch as they are in themfelves, and fuch as perhaps they have long appeared to all except the Author.

That

That I have added to the mafs of general knowledge by one original idea, or to the ftock of virtue by one original fentiment, I do not prefume to hope. But that I have laboured affiduoufly to make that kind of knowledge which is moft indifpenfable to common life, familiar to the unlearned, and acceptable to the young; that I have laboured to inculcate into both, the love and practice of that virtue of which they had before derived the principles from higher fources, I will not deny to have attempted.

To what is called learning I have never had any pretenfion. Life and Manners have been the objects of my unwearied obfervation; and every kind of ftudy and habit has more or lefs recommended itfelf to my mind, as it has had more or lefs reference to thefe objects. Confidering this world as a fcene of much action, and of little comparative knowledge; not as a ftage for exhibition, or a retreat for fpeculation, but as a field on which the bufinefs which is to

determine

determine the concerns of eternity is to be tranſacted; as a place of low regard as an end, but of unſpeakable importance as a means; a ſcene of ſhort experiment, but laſting reſponſibility; I have been contented to purſue myſelf, and to preſent to others (to my own ſex chiefly) thoſe truths, which, if obvious and familiar, are yet practical, and of general application: things, which if of little ſhow, are yet of ſome uſe; and which, if their ſeparate value be not great, yet their aggregate importance is not inconſiderable. I have purſued, not that which demands ſkill, and inſures renown, but

That which before us lies in daily life.

If I have been favoured with a meaſure of ſucceſs, which has as much exceeded my expectation as my deſert, I aſcribe it partly to a diſpoſition in the public mind to encourage, in theſe days of alarm, attack, and agitation, any productions of which the tendency is favourable to good order

and

and Chriſtian morals, even though the merit of the execution by no means keeps pace with that of the principle. In ſome inſtances I truſt I have written ſeaſonably when I have not been able to write well. Several pieces perhaps of ſmall value in themſelves have helped to ſupply in ſome inferior degree the exigence of the moment; and have had the advantage, not of ſuperſeding the neceſſity, or the appearance, of abler writings, but of exciting abler writers; who, ſeeing how little I had been able to ſay on topics upon which much might be ſaid, have more than ſupplied my deficiencies by filling up what I had only ſuperficially ſketched out. On that which had only a temporary uſe, I do not aſpire to build a laſting reputation.

In the progreſs of ages, and after the gradual accumulation of literary productions, the human mind—I ſpeak not of the ſcholar, or the philoſopher, but of the multitude—the human mind, Athenian in this one propenſity, *the deſire to hear and*

to tell ſome new thing, will reject, or overlook, or grow weary even of the ſtandard works of the moſt eſtabliſhed authors; while it will peruſe with intereſt the current volume, or popular pamphlet of the day. This hunger after novelty, by the way, is an inſtrument of inconceivable importance placed by Providence in the hands of every writer; and ſhould ſtrike him forcibly with the duty of turning this ſharp appetite to good account, by appeaſing it with ſound and wholeſome aliment. It is not perhaps that the work in actual circulation is comparable to many works which are neglected; but it is *new*. And let the fortunate Author militant, of moderate abilities, who is banquetting on his tranſient, and perhaps accidental popularity, uſe that popularity wiſely; and, bearing in mind that he himſelf muſt expect to be neglected in his turn, let him thankfully ſeize his little ſeaſon of fugitive renown; let him devote his ephemeral importance, conſcientiouſly to throw into the common

ſtock his quota of harmleſs pleaſure or of moral profit. Let him unaffectedly rate his humble, but not unuſeful labours, at their juſt price, nor deſpondingly conclude that he has written altogether in vain, though he do not ſee a public revolution of manners ſucceed, as he had perhaps too fondly flattered himſelf, to the publication of his book. Let him not deſpair, if, though he have had many readers, he has had but few converts. Nor let him on the other hand be elated by a celebrity which he may owe more to his novelty than to his genius, more to an happy combination in the circumſtances of the times, than to his own ſkill or care;—and moſt of all, to his having diligently obſerved, that

> There is a tide in the affairs of men;'

and to his having, accordingly, launched his bark at the favourable flow.

The well intentioned and well principled author, who has uniformly thrown all his weight, though that weight be but ſmall, into the right ſcale, may have contributed his

fair proportion to that great work of reformation, which will, I truſt, unleſs a total ſubverſion of manners ſhould take place, be always carrying on in the world; but which the joint concurrence of the wiſdom of ages will find it hard to accompliſh. Such an author may have been in his ſeaſon and degree, the accepted agent of that Providence who works by many and different inſtruments, by various and ſucceſſive means; in the ſame manner as in the manual labour of the mechanic, it is not by a few ponderous ſtrokes that great operations are effected, but by a patient and inceſſant following up of the blow,—by reiterated and unwearied returns to the ſame object; in the ſame manner as in the diviſion of labour, many hands of moderate ſtrength and ability may, by co-operation, do that which a very powerful individual might have failed to accompliſh. It is the privilege of few authors to contribute largely to the general good, but almoſt every one may contribute ſomething. No book perhaps

is perfectly neutral; nor are the effects of any altogether indifferent. From all our reading there will be a bias on the actings of the mind, though with a greater or less degree of inclination, according to the degree of impression made, by the nature of the subject, the ability of the writer, and the disposition of the reader. And though, as was above observed, the whole may produce no *general* effect, proportionate to the hopes of the author; yet some truth may be picked out from among many that are neglected; some single sentiment may be seized on for present use; some detached principle may be treasured up for future practice.

If in the records of classic story we are told, that "the most superb and lasting "monument that was ever consecrated to "beauty, was that to which every lover "carried a tribute;" then among the accumulated production of successive volumes, those, which though they convey no new information, yet illustrate on the whole some

old truth; thoſe which though they add nothing to the ſtores of genius or of ſcience, yet if they help to eſtabliſh and inforce a ſingle principle of virtue, they may be accepted as an additional mite caſt by the willing hand of affectionate indigence into the treaſury of Chriſtian morals.

The great father of Roman eloquence has aſſerted, that though every man ſhould propoſe to himſelf the higheſt degrees in the ſcale of excellence; yet he may ſtop with honour at the ſecond or the third. Indeed the utility of ſome books to ſome perſons would be defeated by their very ſuperiority. The writer may be above the reach of his reader; he may be too lofty to be purſued; he may be too profound to be fathomed; he may be too abſtruſe to be inveſtigated; for to produce delight there muſt be intelligence; there muſt be ſomething of concert and congruity. There muſt be not merely that intelligibility which ariſes from the perſpicuouſneſs of the author; but that alſo which depends on the

capacity

capacity and perception of the reader. Between him who writes and him who reads, there muſt be a kind of coalition of intereſts, ſomething of a partnerſhip (however unequal the capital) in mental property; a ſort of joint ſtock of taſtes and ideas. The ſtudent muſt have been initiated into the ſame intellectual commerce with him whom he ſtudies; for large bills are only negotiable among the mutually opulent.

There are perhaps other reaſons why popularity is no infallible teſt of excellence. Many readers even of good faculties, if thoſe faculties have been kept inert by a diſuſe of exertion, feel often moſt ſympathy with writers of a middle claſs; and find more repoſe in a mediocrity which lulls and amuſes the mind, than with a loftineſs and extent which exalts and expands it. To enjoy works of ſuperlative ability, as was before ſuggeſted, the reader muſt have been accuſtomed to drink at the ſame ſpring from which the writer draws; he muſt be at the expence of furniſhing part of his own entertainment,

tertainment, by bringing with him a ſhare of the ſcience or of the ſpirit with which the author writes.

Theſe are ſome of the conſiderations, which, while my gratitude has been excited by the favourable reception of my various attempts, have helped to correct that vanity which is ſo eaſily kindled where merit and ſucceſs are evidently diſproportionate.

For fair criticiſm I have ever been truly thankful. For candid correction, from whatever quarter it came, I have always exhibited the moſt unqueſtionable proof of my regard, by adopting it. Nor can I call to mind any inſtance of improvement which has been ſuggeſted to me by which I have neglected to profit *. I am not inſenſible to human eſtimation. To the approbation

* If it be objected that this has not been the caſe with reſpect to one ſingle paſſage which has excited ſome controverſy; it has ariſen not from any want of openneſs to conviction in me, but from my conceiving myſelf to have been miſunderſtood, and, for that reaſon only, miſrepreſented.

of the wiſe and good I have been perhaps but too ſenſible. But I check myſelf in the indulgence of this dangerous pleaſure, by recollecting that the hour is faſt approaching to all, to me it is *very* faſt approaching, when no human verdict, of whatever authority in itſelf, and however favourable to its object, will avail any thing, but inaſmuch as it is crowned with the acquittal of that judge whoſe favour is eternal life. Every emotion of vanity dies away, every ſwelling of ambition ſubſides before the conſideration of this ſolemn reſponſibility. And though I have juſt avowed my deference for the opinion of private critics, and of public cenſors; yet my anxiety with reſpect to the ſentence of both is conſiderably diminiſhed, by the reflection, that not the writings but the writer will very ſoon be called to another tribunal, to be judged on far other grounds than thoſe on which the deciſions of literary ſtatutes are framed; a tribunal at which the ſentence paſſed will depend on far other cauſes than the obſer-

vation

vation or neglect of the rules of composition; than the violation of any precepts, or the adherence to any decrees of critic legislation.

With abundant cause to be humbled at the mixed motives of even my least exceptionable writings, I am willing to hope that in those of later date, at least, vanity has not been the governing principle. And if in sending abroad the present collection, some sparks of this inextinguishable fire should struggle to break out, let it be at once quenched by the reflection, that of those persons, whose kindness stimulated, and whose partiality rewarded, my early efforts; of those who would have dwelt on these pages with most pleasure, the eyes of the greater part are closed, to open no more in this world. Even while the pen is in my hand framing this remark, more than one affecting corroboration of its truth occurs. May this reflection, at once painful and salutary, be ever at hand to curb the insolence of success, or to countervail the mortification

tification of defeat! May it ſerve to purify the motives of action, while it inſpires reſignation to its event! And may it effect both without diminiſhing the energies of duty—without abating the activity of labour!

Bath, 1801.

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THE PUPPET-SHEW:

A TALE.

A NOBLE Earl—the name I ſpare,
From reverence to the living heir—
Lov'd pleaſure; but, to ſpeak the truth,
Not much refinement grac'd the youth.
The path of pleaſure which *he* trod
Was ſomewhat new, and rather odd;
For, that he haunted park or play,
His houſe's archives do not ſay;
Or that more modiſh joys he felt,
And would in opera tranſports melt;
Or that he ſpent his morning's prime
In Bond-ſtreet bliſs till dinner-time:
No treaſur'd anecdotes record
Such paſtimes pleas'd the youthful Lord.

One ſingle taſte hiſtorians mention,
A fact, unmingled with invention;
It was a taſte you'll think, I fear,
Somewhat peculiar for a Peer,
Tho' the rude democratic pen
Pretends that Peers are only men.
Whatever town or country fair
Was advertiz'd, my Lord was there.
'Twas not to purchaſe or to ſell—
Why went he then? the Muſe ſhall tell.
At fairs he never fail'd to find
The joy congenial to his mind.
This dear diverſion would you know?
What was it? 'twas a Puppet-ſhew!
Tranſported with the mimic art,
The wit of Punch enthrall'd his heart.
He went, each evening, juſt at ſix,
When Punch exhibited his tricks;
And, not contented every night
To view this object of delight,
He gravely made the matter known
He muſt and would have Punch his own;

For

For if, exclaims the noble Lord,
Such joys ſhefe *tranſient* views afford;
If I receive ſuch keen delight
From a ſhort viſit every night,
'Tis fair to calculate what pleaſure
Will ſpring from *owning* ſuch a treaſure.
I need not for amuſements roam,
I ſhall have always Punch at home.
He rav'd, with this new fancy bit,
Of Punch's ſenſe and Punch's wit.
Not more Narciſſus long'd t' embrace
The watery mirror's ſhadow'y face;
Not more Pygmalion long'd to claim
Th' unconſcious object of his flame;
Than long'd th' enamour'd legiſlator
To purchaſe this delightful creature.
Each night he regularly ſought him,
Nor did he reſt till he had bought him.
  Soon he accompliſhes the meaſure,
And pays profuſely for his treaſure:
He bids them pack the precious thing,
So careful not to break a ſpring!

So anxious not to bruiſe a feature,
His own new coach muſt fetch the creature!
He ſafely brought the idol home,
And lodg'd beneath his ſplendid dome;
All obſtacles at length ſurmounted,
My Lord on perfect pleaſure counted.
  If you have feelings, gueſs you may,
How glad he paſs'd the live-long day.
His eating room he makes the ſtation,
Of his new favourite's habitation.
"Convivial Punch!" he cried, "to-day
"Thy genius ſhall have full diſplay!
"How ſhall I laugh to hear thy wit
"At ſupper nightly as I ſit!
"Oh how delightful, as I dine,
"To hear ſome ſallies, Punch, of thine!"
  Next day, at table, as he ſat,
Impatient to begin the chat,
Punch was produc'd; but Punch, I trow,
Diveſted of his puppet-ſhew,
Was nothing, was a thing of wires,
Whoſe ſameneſs diſappoints and tires.

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of all extrinſic aid,
The empty idol was betray'd.
No artful hand to pull the ſprings,
And Punch no longer ſqueaks or ſings.
Ah me! what horror ſeiz'd my Lord,
'Twas paint, 'twas ſhew, 'twas paſted-board!
He marvell'd why the pleaſant thing
Which could ſuch crouds together bring;
Which charm'd him when the ſhew was full,
At home ſhould be ſo very dull.
He ne'er ſuſpected 'twas the ſcenery,
He never dreamt 'twas the machinery;
The lights, the noiſe, the tricks, the diſtance,
Gave the dumb idol this aſſiſtance.
Prepoſterous Peer! far better go
To thy congenial puppet-ſhew;
Than buy, diveſted of its glare,
The empty thing which charm'd thee there.
Be ſtill content abroad to roam,
For Punch exhibits not at home.
  The moral of the tale I ſing
To modern matches home I bring.

Ye youths, in queſt of wives who go
To every crouded puppet-ſhew;
If, from theſe ſcenes, you chooſe for life
A dancing, ſinging, dreſſing wife;
O marvel not, at home to find
An empty figure void of mind;
Stript of her ſcenery and garniſh,
A thing of paint, and paſte, and varniſh.

Ye candidates for earth's beſt prize,
Domeſtic life's ſweet charities!
If long you've ſtray'd from reaſon's way,
Enſlav'd by faſhion's wizard ſway;
If by her witcheries ſtill betray'd,
You wed ſome vain fantaſtic maid;
Snatch'd, not *ſelected*, as you go,
The heroine of the puppet-ſhew;
In every outward grace refin'd,
And deſtitute of nought but mind;
If, ſkill'd in every poliſh'd art,
She want ſimplicity of heart;
On her for bliſs if you depend,
Without the means you ſeek the end;

You

You ſeek, o'erturning nature's laws,
A conſequence without a cauſe;
A downward pyramid you place,
The point inverted for the baſe.
Blame your own work, not fate; nor rail
If bliſs ſo ill ſecur'd ſhould fail.
'Tis after fancied good to roam,
'Tis bringing Punch to live at home.

And you, bright nymphs, who bleſs our eyes,
With all that art, that taſte ſupplies;
Learn that accompliſhments, at beſt,
Are but the garniſh in life's feaſt:
And tho' your tranſient gueſts may praiſe
Your ſhewy board on gala days;
Yet, while you treat each frippery ſinner
With mere deſerts, and call 'em dinner,
Your Lord, who *lives* at home, ſtill feels
The want of more ſubſtantial meals;
Of ſenſe and worth, which every hour
Enlarge affection's growing power;
Of worth, not emulous of praiſe,
Of ſenſe, not kept for gala days.

O! in the higheſt happieſt lot,
By woman be it ne'er forgot,
That human life's no Iſthmian game,
Where ſports and ſhews muſt purchaſe fame.
Tho' at the puppet-ſhew he ſhone,
Punch was poor company alone.
Life is no round of jocund hours,
Of garlands gay, and feſtive bowers;
Even to the young, to whom I ſing,
Its ſerious buſineſs life will bring.
Tho' bright the ſuns which now appear
To gild your cloudleſs atmoſphere,
Oft, unawares, ſome direful ſtorm,
Sereneſt ſkies may ſoon deform:
In dim affliction's dreary hour
The flaſh of mirth muſt loſe it's power;
While faith a conſtant light ſupplies,
And virtue cheers the darkeſt ſkies.
To bleſs the matrimonial hours
Muſt three joint leaders club their powers;
GOOD-NATURE, PIETY, and SENSE,
Muſt their confederate aids diſpenſe.

As

As the ſoft powers of oil aſſuage
Of ocean's waves the furious rage;
Lull to repoſe the boiling tide,
And the rough billows bid ſubſide,
Till every angry motion ſleep,
And ſofteſt tremblings huſh the deep:
Good-nature! thus thy charms control
The tumults of the troubled ſoul;
By labour worn, by care oppreſt,
On thee the wearied head ſhall reſt;
From buſineſs and diſtraction free,
Delighted, ſhall return to thee;
To thee the aching heart ſhall cling,
And find that peace it does not bring.

And while the light and empty fair,
Form'd for the ball-room's dazzling glare;
Abroad, of ſpeech ſo prompt and rapid,
At home, ſo vacant and ſo vapid;
Of every puppet-ſhew the life,
At home, a dull and taſteleſs wife;—
The mind with ſenſe and knowledge ſtor'd
Can counſel, or can ſooth its Lord;

His varied joys or ſorrows feel,
And ſhare the pains it cannot heal.
 But, *Piety!* without thy aid,
Love's faireſt proſpects ſoon muſt fade.
Bleſt architect! rear'd by thy hands,
Connubial Concord's temple ſtands.
Tho' Wit, tho' Genius, raiſe the pile,
Tho' Taſte aſſiſt, tho' Talents ſmile,
Tho' Faſhion, while her wreaths ſhe twine,
Her light Corinthian columns join;
Still the frail ſtructure Fancy rears,
A tottering houſe of cards appears;
Some ſudden guſt, nor rare the caſe,
May ſhake the building to its baſe,
Unleſs, bleſs'd Piety! thou join,
Thy key ſtone to inſure the ſhrine;
Unleſs, to guard againſt ſurpriſes,
On thy broad arch the temple riſes.

THE

BAS BLEU:

OR,

CONVERSATION.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. VESEY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Trifle owes its birth and name to the miſtake of a Foreigner of Diſtinction, who gave the literal appellation of the *Bàs-bleu* to a ſmall party of friends, who had been often called, by way of pleaſantry, the *Blue Stockings*. Theſe little Societies have been ſometimes miſrepreſented. They were compoſed of perſons diſtinguiſhed, in general, for their rank, talents, or reſpectable character, who met frequently at Mrs. *Veſey*'s and at a few other houſes, for the ſole purpoſe of converſation, and were different in no reſpect from other parties, but that the company did not play at cards.

May the Author be permitted to bear her grateful teſtimony (which will not be ſuſpected of flattery, now that moſt of the perſons named in this Poem are gone down to the grave) to the many pleaſant and inſtructive hours ſhe had the honour to paſs in this company; in which learning was as little disfigured by pedantry, good taſte as little tinctured by affectation, and general converſacion as little diſgraced by calumny, levity, and the other cenſurable errors with which it is too commonly tainted, as has perhaps been known in any Society.

THE BAS BLEU.

OR, CONVERSATION.

VESEY! of Verſe the judge and friend!
Awhile my idle ſtrain attend:
Not with the days of early Greece,
I mean to ope my ſlender piece;
The rare Sympoſium to proclaim
Which crown'd th' Athenians' ſocial name;
Or how ASPASIA's parties ſhone,
The firſt *Blas-bleu* at Athens known;
Where SOCRATES unbending ſat,
With ALCIBIADES in chat;
And PERICLES vouchſafed to mix
Taſte, wit, and mirth, with politics.
Nor need I ſtop my tale, to ſhew,
At leaſt to readers ſuch as you,

How

How all that Rome eſteem'd polite,
Supp'd with LUCULLUS every night;
LUCULLUS, who, from Pontus come,
Brought conqueſts, and brought cherries home.
Name but the ſuppers in th' Apollo,
What claſſic images will follow!
How wit flew round, while each might take
Conchylia from the Lucrine lake;
And Attic Salt, and Garum Sauce,
And Lettuce from the Iſle of Cos;
The firſt and laſt from Greece tranſplanted,
Us'd here—becauſe the rhyme I wanted:
How Pheaſants' heads, with coſt collected,
And Phenicopters' ſtood neglected,
To laugh at SCIPIO's lucky hit,
POMPEY's bon-mot, or CÆSAR's wit!
Intemperance, liſt'ning to the tale,
Forgot the Mullet growing * ſtale;
And Admiration, balanc'd, hung
'Twixt PEACOCKS' brains, and TULLY's tongue.

I ſhall

* Seneca ſays, that in his time the Romans were arrived at ſuch a pitch of luxury, that the Mullet was reckoned ſtale which did not die in the hands of the gueſt.

I ſhall not ſtop to dwell on theſe,
But be as epic as I pleaſe,
And plunge at once *in medias res.*
To prove the privilege I plead,
I'll quote ſome Greek I cannot read;
Stunn'd by Authority, you yield,
And I, not reaſon, keep the field.
  Long was Society o'er-run
By Whiſt, that deſolating Hun;
Long did Quadrille deſpotic ſit,
That Vandal of colloquial wit;
And Converſation's ſetting light
Lay half-obſcur'd in Gothic night;
At length the mental ſhades decline,
Colloquial wit begins to ſhine;
Genius prevails, and Converſation
Emerges into *Reformation.*
The vanquiſh'd triple crown to you,
BOSCAWEN ſage, bright MONTAGU,
Divided, fell;—your cares in haſte
Reſcued the ravag'd realms of Taſte;

And

And LYTTELTON's accompliſh'd name,
And witty PULTENEY ſhar'd the fame;
The Men, not bound by pedant rules,
Nor Ladies * *Precieuſes ridicules*;
For poliſh'd WALPOLE ſhew'd the way,
How Wits may be both learn'd and gay;
And CARTER taught the female train,
The deeply wiſe are never vain;
And ſhe, who SHAKESPEARE's wrongs redreſt,
Prov'd that the brighteſt are the beſt.
This juſt deduction ſtill they drew,
And well they practis'd what they knew;
Nor taſte, nor wit, deſerves applauſe,
Unleſs ſtill true to Critic laws;
Good ſenſe, of faculties the beſt,
Inſpire and regulate the reſt.
O! how unlike the wit that fell,
RAMBOUILLET †! at thy quaint Hotel;

Where

* See MOLIERE's Comedy.

† The Society at the Hotel de RAMBOUILLET, though compoſed of the moſt polite and ingenious perſons in France, was much tainted with affectation and falſe taſte. See VOITURE, MENAGE, &c.

The

Where point, and turn, and equivoque,
Diſtorted every word they ſpoke!
All ſo intolerably bright,
Plain Common Senſe was put to flight;
Each ſpeaker, ſo ingenious ever,
'Twas tireſome to be quite ſo clever;
There twiſted Wit forgot to pleaſe,
And Mood and Figure baniſh'd eaſe;
No votive Altar ſmok'd to thee,
Chaſte Queen, divine Simplicity!
But forc'd Conceit, which ever fails,
And ſtiff Antitheſis prevails;
Uneaſy rivalry deſtroys
Society's unlaboured joys:
NATURE, of ſtilts and fetters tir'd,
Impatient from the Wits retir'd,

Long

The late Earl of MANSFIELD told the Author, that when he was Ambaſſador at Paris, he was aſſured that it had not been unuſual for thoſe perſons of a purer taſte, who frequented theſe Aſſemblies, to come out from their Society ſo weary of wit and laboured ingenuity, that they uſed to expreſs the comfort they felt in their emancipation, by ſaying, —"*Allons! faiſons des ſoleciſmes!*"

Long time the Exile, houfelefs ftray'd
'Till SEVIGNE receiv'd the maid.
Tho' here fhe comes to blefs our ifle,
Not univerfal is her fmile.
Mufe! fnatch the lyre which CAMBRIDGE ftrung,
When he the *empty ball-room* fung;
'Tis tun'd above thy pitch, I doubt,
And thou no mufic wou'd'ft draw out;
Yet, in a lower note, prefume
To fing the full, dull Drawing-room *.
Where the dire *Circle* keeps its ftation,
Each common phrafe is an oration;
And cracking fans, and whifp'ring Miffes,
Compofe their Converfation bliffes.
The Matron marks the goodly fhew,
While the tall daughter eyes the Beau—
The frigid Beau! Ah! lucklefs fair,
'Tis not for you that ftudied air;
Ah! not for you that fidelong glance,
And all that charming nonchalance;
Ah! not for you the three long hours
He worfhip'd the "Cofmetic powers;"

That

* Thefe grave and formal Parties now fcarcely exift, having been fwallowed up in the reigning multitudinous Affemblies.

That finiſh'd head which breathes perfume,
And kills the nerves of half the room;
And all the murders meant to lie
In that large, languiſhing, grey eye;
Deſiſt;—leſs wild th' attempt wou'd be,
To warm the ſnows of Rhodope:
Too cold to feel, too proud to feign,
For him you're wiſe and fair in vain;
In vain to charm him you intend,
Self is his object, aim, and end.

Chill ſhade of that affected Peer,
Who dreaded Mirth, come ſafely here!
For here no vulgar joy effaces
Thy rage for poliſh, ton, and graces.
Cold Ceremony's leaden hand,
Waves o'er the room her poppy wand;
Arrives the ſtranger; every gueſt
Conſpires to torture the diſtreſt;
At once they riſe—ſo have I ſeen—
You gueſs the ſimile I mean,
Take what compariſon you pleaſe,
The crowded ſtreets, the ſwarming bees,

The pebbles on the ſhores that lie,
The ſtars which form the galaxy;
Theſe ſerve t' embelliſh what is ſaid,
And ſhew, beſides, that one has read;—
At once they riſe—th' aſtoniſh'd gueſt
Back in a corner ſlinks, diſtreſt;
Scar'd at the many bowing round,
And ſhock'd at her own voice's ſound,
Forgot the thing ſhe meant to ſay,
Her words, half-utter'd, die away;
In ſweet oblivion down ſhe ſinks,
And of her next appointment thinks.
While her loud neighbour on the right,
Boaſts what ſhe has to do to-night;
So very much, you'd ſwear her pride is
To match the labours of ALCIDES;
'Tis true, in hyperbolic meaſure,
She nobly calls her labours *Pleaſure;*
In this unlike ALCMENA's ſon,
She never means they ſhould be done;
Her fancy of no *limits* dreams,
No *ne plus ultra* ſtops her ſchemes;

Twelve!

Twelve! ſhe'd have ſcorn'd the paltry round,
No Pillars wou'd have mark'd her bound;
CALPE and ABYLA, in vain
Had nodded croſs th' oppoſing main;
A circumnavigator ſhe
On Ton's illimitable ſea.

We paſs the pleaſures vaſt and various,
Of Routs, not ſocial, but gregarious;
Where high heroic ſelf-denial
Suſtains herſelf inflicted trial.
Day lab'rors! what an eaſy life,
To feed ten children and a wife!
No—I may juſter pity ſpare
To the *night* lab'rer's keener care;
And, pleas'd, to gentler ſcenes retreat,
Where *Converſation* holds her ſeat.

Small were that art which wou'd enſure
The Circle's boaſted quadrature!
See VESEY's * plaſtic genius make
A Circle every figure take;

Nay,

* This amiable Lady was remarkable for her talent in breaking the formality of a circle, by inviting her parties to form themſelves into little ſeparate groupes.

Nay, ſhapes and forms, which wou'd defy
All ſcience of Geometry;
Iſoſceles, and Parallel,
Names, hard to ſpeak, and hard to ſpell!
Th' enchantreſs wav'd her wand, and ſpoke!
Her potent wand the Circle broke;
The ſocial Spirits hover round,
And bleſs the liberated ground.
Aſk you what charms this gift diſpenſe?
'Tis the ſtrong ſpell of COMMON SENSE.
Away dull Ceremony flew,
And with her bore Detraction too.
  Nor only Geometric Art,
Does this preſiding power impart;
But Chymiſts too, who want the eſſence,
Which makes or mars all coaleſcence,
Of her the ſecret rare might get,
How different kinds amalgamate:
And he, who wilder ſtudies choſe,
Find here a new metempſychoſe;
How forms can other forms aſſume,
Within her Pythagoric room;

Or

Or be, and ſtranger is th' event,
The very things which Nature meant;
Nor ſtrive, by art and affectation,
To croſs their genuine deſtination.
Here ſober Ducheſſes are ſeen,
Chaſte Wits, and Critics void of ſpleen;
Phyſicians, fraught with real ſcience,
And Whigs and Tories in alliance;
Poets, fulfilling Chriſtian duties,
Juſt Lawyers, reaſonable Beauties;
Biſhops who preach, and Peers who pay,
And Counteſſes who ſeldom play;
Learn'd Antiquaries, who, from college,
Reject the ruſt, and bring the knowledge;
And, hear it, *age*, believe it, *youth*,—
Polemics, really ſeeking truth;
And Travellers of that rare tribe,
Who've *ſeen* the countries they deſcribe;
Who ſtudy'd there, ſo ſtrange their plan,
Not plants, nor herbs alone, but man;
While Travellers, of other notions,
Scale mountain tops, and traverſe oceans;

As if, ſo much theſe themes engroſs,
The ſtudy of mankind—was Moſs.
Ladies who point, nor think me partial,
An Epigram as well as MARTIAL;
Yet in all female worth ſucceed,
As well as thoſe who cannot read.
  Right pleaſant were the taſk, I ween,
To name the groupes which fill the ſcene;
But Rhyme's of ſuch faſtidious nature,
She proudly ſcorns all Nomenclature,
Nor grace our Northern names her lips,
Like HOMER's Catalogue of Ships.
  Once—faithful Memory! heave a ſigh,
Here ROSCIUS gladden'd every eye.
Why comes not MARO? Far from town,
He rears the Urn to Taſte, and BROWN;
Plants Cypreſs round the Tomb of GRAY,
Or decks his *Engliſh Garden* gay;
Whoſe mingled ſweets exhale perfume,
And promiſe a perennial bloom.
Here, rigid CATO, awful Sage!
Bold Cenſor of a thoughtleſs age,

Once

Once dealt his pointed moral round,
And, not unheeded, fell the ſound;
The Muſe his honour'd memory weeps,
For CATO now with ROSCIUS ſleeps!
Here once HORTENSIUS * lov'd to ſit,
Apoſtate now from ſocial Wit:
Ah! why in wrangling ſenates waſte
The nobleſt parts, the happieſt taſte?
Why Democratic Thunders wield,
And quit the Muſes' calmer field?
Taſte thou the gentler joys they give,
With HORACE, and with LELIUS live.
Hail, CONVERSATION, ſoothing Power,
Sweet Goddeſs of the ſocial hour!
Not with more heart-felt warmth, at leaſt,
Does LELIUS bend, thy true High Prieſt;
Than I the loweſt of thy train,
Theſe field-flowers bring to deck thy fane;
Who to thy ſhrine like him can haſte,
With warmer zeal, or purer taſte?

O my

* This was written in the year 1787, when Mr. EDMUND BURKE had joined the then oppoſition.

O may thy worſhip long prevail,
And thy true votaries never fail!
Long may thy poliſh'd altars blaze
With wax-lights' undiminiſh'd rays!
Still be thy nightly offerings paid,
Libations large of Lemonade!
On ſilver vaſes, loaded, riſe
The biſcuits' ample ſacrifice!
Nor be the milk-white ſtreams forgot
Of thirſt-aſſuaging, cool orgeat;
Riſe, incenſe pure from fragrant Tea,
Delicious incenſe, worthy Thee!

Hail, Converſation, heav'nly fair,
Thou bliſs of life, and balm of care!
Still may thy gentle reign extend,
And taſte with wit and ſcience blend.
Soft poliſher of rugged man!
Refiner of the ſocial plan!
For thee, beſt ſolace of his toil!
The ſage conſumes his midnight oil;
And keeps late vigils, to produce
Materials for thy future uſe.

Calls

Calls forth the elſe neglected knowledge,
Of School, of Travel, and of College.
If none behold, ah! wherefore fair?
Ah! wherefore wiſe, if none muſt hear?
Our intellectual ore muſt ſhine,
Not ſlumber, idly, in the mine.
Let Education's moral mint
The nobleſt images imprint;
Let Taſte her curious touchſtone hold,
To try if ſtandard be the gold;
But 'tis thy commerce, Converſation,
Muſt give it uſe by circulation;
That nobleſt commerce of mankind,
Whoſe precious merchandize is MIND!
  What ſtoic Traveller wou'd try
A ſterile ſoil, and parching ſky,
Or dare th' intemp'rate Northern zone,
If what he ſaw muſt ne'er be known?
For this he bids his home farewell;
The joy of ſeeing is to tell.
Truſt me, he never wou'd have ſtirr'd,
Were he forbid to ſpeak a word;

And Curioſity wou'd ſleep,
If her own ſecrets ſhe muſt keep:
The bliſs of telling what is paſt
Becomes her rich reward at laſt.
Who'd mock at death, at danger ſmile,
To ſteal one peep at father Nile;
Who, at Palmira riſk his neck,
Or ſearch the ruins of Balbec;
If theſe muſt hide old Nilus' fount,
Nor Lybian tales at home recount;
If thoſe muſt ſink their learned labour,
Nor with their ruins treat a neighbour?
Range—ſtudy—think—do all we can,
Colloquial pleaſures are for man.
  Yet not from low deſire to ſhine
Does Genius toil in learning's mine;
Not to indulge in idle viſion,
But ſtrike new light by ſtrong colliſion.
Of Conversation, wiſdom's friend,
This is the object and the end,
Of moral truth man's proper ſcience,
With ſenſe and learning in alliance,

To ſearch the depths, and thence produce
What tends to practice and to uſe.
And next in value we ſhall find
What mends the taſte and forms the mind.
If high thoſe truths in eſtimation,
Whoſe ſearch is crown'd with demonſtration;
To theſe aſſign no ſcanty praiſe,
Our taſte which clears, our views which raiſe.
For grant that Mathematic truth
Beſt balances the mind of Youth;
Yet ſcarce the truth of Taſte is found
To grow from principles leſs ſound.
O'er books the mind inactive lies,
Books, the Mind's food, not exerciſe!
Her vigorous wing ſhe ſcarcely feels,
'Till uſe the latent ſtrength reveals;
Her ſlumbering energies call'd forth,
She riſes, conſcious of her worth;
And, at her new-found powers elated,
Thinks them not rous'd, but new created.
Enlighten'd ſpirits! you, who know
What charms from poliſh'd converſe flow,

Speak,

Speak, for you can, the pure delight
When kindling ſympathies unite;
When correſpondent taſtes impart
Communion ſweet from heart to heart;
You ne'er the cold gradations need
Which vulgar ſouls to union lead;
No dry diſcuſſion to unfold
The meaning caught ere well 'tis told:
In taſte, in learning, wit, or ſcience,
Still kindled ſouls demand alliance;
Each in the other joys to find
The image anſwering to his mind.
But ſparks electric only ſtrike
On ſouls electrical alike;
The flaſh of Intellect expires,
Unleſs it meet congenial fires:
The language to th' Elect alone
Is, like the Maſon's myſtery! known;
In vain th' unerring ſign is made
To him who is not of the *Trade*.
What lively pleaſure to divine,
The thought implied, the hinted line,

To feel Allufion's artful force,
And trace the Image to it's fource!
Quick Memory blends her fcatter'd rays,
'Till Fancy kindles at the blaze;
The works of ages ftart to view,
And ancient Wit elicits new.
 But wit and parts if thus we praife,
What nobler altars fhou'd we raife,
Thofe facrifices cou'd we fee
Which Wit, O Virtue! makes to Thee.
At once the rifing thought to dafh,
To quench at once the burfting flafh!
The fhining Mifchief to fubdue,
And lofe the praife, and pleafure too!
Tho' Venus' felf, could you detect her,
Imbuing with her richeft Nectar,
The thought unchafte—to check that thought,
To fpurn a fame fo dearly bought;
This is high Principle's control!
This is true continence of Soul!
Blufh, heroes, at your cheap renown,
A vanquifh'd realm, a plunder'd town!

Your conqueſts were to gain a name,
This conqueſt triumphs over Fame;
So pure its eſſence, 'twere deſtroy'd
If known, and if commended, void.
Amidſt the brighteſt truths believ'd,
Amidſt the faireſt deeds atchiev'd,
Shall ſtand recorded and admir'd,
That Virtue ſunk what Wit inſpir'd!

But let the letter'd, and the fair,
And, chiefly, let the Wit beware;
You, whoſe warm ſpirits never fail,
Forgive the hint which ends my tale.
O ſhun the perils which attend
On Wit, on Warmth, and heed your Friend;
Tho' Science nurs'd you in her bowers,
Tho' Fancy crown your brow with flowers,
Each thought, tho' bright Invention fill,
Tho' Attic bees each word diſtil;
Yet, if one gracious power refuſe
Her gentle influence to infuſe;
If ſhe withhold her magic ſpell,
Nor in the ſocial Circle dwell;

In

In vain ſhall liſtening crowds approve,
They'll praiſe you, but they will not love.
What is this power, you're loth to mention,
This charm, this witchcraft? 'tis ATTENTION:
Mute Angel, yes; thy looks diſpenſe
The ſilence of intelligence;
Thy graceful form I well diſcern,
In act to liſten and to learn;
'Tis Thou for talents ſhalt obtain
That pardon Wit wou'd hope in vain;
Thy wond'rous power, thy ſecret charm,
Shall Envy of her ſting diſarm;
Thy ſilent flattery ſooths our ſpirit,
And we forgive eclipſing merit;
Our jealous ſouls no longer burn,
Nor hate thee, tho' thou ſhine in turn;
The ſweet atonement ſcreens the fault,
And love and praiſe are cheaply bought.
With mild complacency to hear,
Tho' ſomewhat long the tale appear,—
The dull relation to attend,
Which mars the ſtory you cou'd mend;

'Tis more than wit, 'tis moral beauty,
'Tis pleasure rising out of duty.
Nor vainly think, the time you waste,
When temper triumphs over taste.

BISHOP BONNER's GHOST.

This little Poem was never before publifhed. A few Copies were printed by the late Earl of ORFORD at his Prefs at Strawberry-Hill, and given to a few particular Friends.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the Gardens of the Palace at Fulham is a dark recefs; at the end of this ftands a Chair, which once belonged to Bifhop Bonner.—A certain Bifhop of London, more than two hundred years after the death of the aforefaid Bonner, one morning, juft as the Clock of the Gothic Chapel had ftruck fix, undertook to cut with his own hand a narrow walk thro' this thicket, which is fince called the *Monk's-Walk.* He had no fooner begun to clear the way, than, lo! fuddenly up-ftarted from the chair the Ghoft of Bifhop Bonner, who, in a tone of juft and bitter indignation, uttered the following Verfes.

BONNER's GHOST.

REFORMER, hold! ah, ſpare my ſhade,
Reſpect the hallow'd dead[*]!
Vain pray'r! I ſee the op'ning glade,
See utter darkneſs fled.

Juſt ſo your innovating hand
Let in the moral light;
So, chas'd from this bewilder'd land,
Fled intellectual night.

Where now that holy gloom which hid
Fair truth from vulgar ken?
Where now that wiſdom which forbid
To think that monks were men?

The tangled mazes of the ſchools,
Which ſpread ſo thick before;
Which knaves entwin'd to puzzle fools,
Shall catch mankind no more.

Thoſe charming intricacies where?
Thoſe venerable lies?
Thoſe legends, once the church's care?
Thoſe ſweet perplexities?

Ah! fatal age, whoſe ſons combin'd
Of credit to exhauſt us;
Ah! fatal age, which gave mankind
A LUTHER and a FAUSTUS *!

Had only JACK and MARTIN † liv'd
Our pow'r had ſlowly fled;
Our influence longer had ſurviv'd,
Had laymen never read.

For

* The ſame Age which brought Hereſy into the Church, unhappily introduced Printing among the Arts, by which means the Scriptures were unluckily diſſeminated among the Vulgar.

† How Biſhop BONNER came to have read SWIFT's Tale of a Tub it may now be in vain to inquire.

For knowledge flew, like magic ſpell,
By typographic art:
Oh, ſhame! a peaſant now can tell
If prieſts the truth impart.

Ye councils, pilgrimages, creeds!
Synods, decrees, and rules!
Ye warrants of unholy deeds,
Indulgencies and bulls!

Where are ye now? and where, alas!
The pardons we diſpenſe?
And penances, the ſponge of ſins;
And Peter's holy pence?

Where now the beads, which us'd to ſwell
Lean virtue's ſpare amount?
Here only faith and goodneſs fill
A heretic's account.

But ſoft—what gracious form appears?
Is this a convent's life?
Atrocious ſight! by all my fears,
A prelate with a wife!

Ah! ſainted MARY *, not for this
Our pious labours join'd;
The witcheries of domeſtic bliſs
Had ſhook ev'n GARDINER's mind.

Hence all the ſinful, human ties,
Which mar the cloyſter's plan;
Hence all the weak fond charities,
Which make man feel for man.

But tortur'd memory vainly ſpeaks
The projects we deſign'd;
While this apoſtate Biſhop ſeeks
The freedom of mankind.

Oh, born in ev'ry thing to ſhake
The ſyſtems plann'd by me!
So heterodox, that he wou'd make
Both ſoul and body free.

Nor

* An orthodox Queen of the ſixteenth century, who laboured with might and main, conjointly with theſe two venerable Biſhops to extinguiſh a dangerous hereſy y-cleped the Reformation.

Nor clime nor colour ſtays his hand;
With charity deprav'd,
He wou'd from Thames' to Gambia's Strand,*
Have all be free and ſav'd.

And who ſhall change his wayward heart,
His wilful ſpirit turn?
For thoſe his labours can't convert,
His weakneſs will not burn.

Ann. Dom. 1900. A GOOD OLD PAPIST.

*** By the lapſe of time the three laſt Stanzas are become unintelligible. Old Chronicles ſay, that towards the latter end of the 18th Century, a bill was brought into the Britiſh Parliament, by an active young Reformer, for the Abolition of a pretended Traffic of the Human Species. But this only ſhews how little faith is to be given to the exaggerations of Hiſtory; for as no veſtige of this incredible Trade now remains, we look upon the whole ſtory to have been one of thoſe fictions, not uncommon among Authors, to blacken the memory of former ages.

F L O R I O:

A TALE,

FOR FINE GENTLEMEN AND FINE LADIES.

IN TWO PARTS.

TO

THE HONOURABLE

HORACE WALPOLE *.

MY DEAR SIR,

It would be very flattering to me, if I might hope that the little Tale, which I now take the liberty of preſenting to you, could amuſe a few moments of your tedious indiſpoſition. It is, I confeſs, but a paltry return for the many hours of agreeable information and elegant amuſement which I have received from your ſpirited and very entertaining writings: yet I am perſuaded, that you will receive it with favour, as a ſmall offering of eſteem and gratitude; as an offering of which the intention alone makes all the little value.

The ſlight verſes, Sir, which I place under your protection, will not, I fear, impreſs the world with a very favourable idea of my poetical powers: But I ſhall, at leaſt, be ſuſpected of having ſome taſte, and of keeping good company, when I confeſs that ſome of the pleaſanteſt hours of my life have been paſſed in your

* Afterwards Earl of ORFORD.

your converſation. I ſhould be unjuſt to your very engaging and well-bred turn of wit, if I did not declare that, among all the lively and brilliant things I have heard from you, I do not remember ever to have heard an unkind or an ungenerous one. Let me be allowed to bear my feeble teſtimony to your temperate uſe of this charming faculty, ſo delightful in itſelf, but which can only be ſafely truſted in ſuch hands as yours, where it is guarded by politeneſs, and directed by humanity.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your much obliged,

And moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

JANUARY 27, 1786.

THE AUTHOR.

F L O R I O.

PART I.

FLORIO, a youth of gay renown,
Who figur'd much about the town,
Had paſs'd, with general approbation,
The modiſh forms of education;
Knew what was proper to be known,
Th' eſtabliſh'd jargon of Bon-ton;
Had learnt, with very moderate reading,
The whole new ſyſtem of good breeding:
He ſtudied to be cold and rude,
Tho' native feeling wou'd intrude:
Unlucky ſenſe and ſympathy,
Spoilt the vain thing he ſtrove to be.
For FLORIO was not meant by nature,
A ſilly, or a worthleſs creature:

He

He had a heart difpos'd to feel,
Had life and fpirit, tafte and zeal;
Was handfome, generous; but, by fate,
Predeftin'd to a large eftate!
Hence, all that grac'd his op'ning days,
Was marr'd by pleafure, fpoilt by praife.
The Deftiny, who wove the thread
Of FLORIO's being, figh'd, and faid,
" Poor Youth! this cumbrous twift of gold,
" More than my fhuttle well can hold,
" For which thy anxious fathers toil'd,
" Thy white and even thread has fpoil'd:
" 'Tis this fhall warp thy pliant youth
" From fenfe, fimplicity and truth,
" Thy erring fire, by wealth mifled,
" Shall fcatter pleafures round thy head,
" When wholefome difcipline's control,
" Shou'd brace the finews of thy foul;
" Coldly thou'lt toil for learning's prize,
" For why fhou'd he that's rich be wife?"
The gracious Mafter of mankind,
Who knew us vain, corrupt, and blind,

In mercy, tho' in anger laid,
That man ſhou'd earn his daily bread;
His lot inaction renders worſe,
While labour mitigates the curſe.
The idle, life's worſt burthens bear,
And meet, what toil eſcapes, deſpair!
Forgive, nor lay the fault on me,
This mixture of mythology;
The Muſe of Paradiſe has deign'd
With truth to mingle fables feign'd;
And tho' the Bard who wou'd attain
The glories, MILTON, of thy ſtrain,
Will never reach thy ſtyle or thoughts,
He may be like thee—in thy faults!
Exhauſted FLORIO, at the age
When youth ſhou'd ruſh on glory's ſtage;
When life ſhou'd open freſh and new,
And ardent hope her ſchemes purſue;
Of youthful gaiety bereft,
Had ſcarce an unbroach'd pleaſure left;
He found already to his coſt,
The ſhining gloſs of life was loſt;

And pleaſure was ſo coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more purſued;
Or if, o'ertaken and careſs'd,
He loath'd and left her when poſſeſs'd.
But FLORIO knew the WORLD; that ſcience
Sets ſenſe and learning at defiance;
He thought the World to him was known,
Whereas he only knew the *Town*;
In men this blunder ſtill you find,
All think their little ſet—Mankind.
Tho' high renown the youth had gain'd,
No flagrant crimes his life had ſtain'd;
No tool of falſehood, ſlave of paſſion,
But ſpoilt by CUSTOM, and the FASHION.
Tho' known among *a certain ſet*,
He did not like to be in debt;
He ſhudder'd at the dicer's box,
Nor thought it very heterodox,
That tradeſmen ſhou'd be ſometimes paid,
And bargains kept as well as made.
His growing credit, as a ſinner,
Was that he lik'd to ſpoil a dinner;

Made pleaſure and made buſineſs wait,
And ſtill, by ſyſtem, came too late;
Yet 'twas a hopeful indication,
On which to found a reputation:
Small habits, well purſued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes.
And who a juſter claim preferr'd,
Than one who always broke his word?
His mornings were not ſpent in vice,
'Twas lounging, ſauntering, eating ice:
Walk up and down St. James's-Street,
Full fifty times the youth you'd meet:
He hated cards, deteſted drinking,
But ſtroll'd to ſhun the toil of thinking;
'Twas doing nothing was his curſe,
Is there a vice can plague us worſe?
The wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs, that others may be fed,
Feels leſs fatigue than that decreed
To him who cannot think, or read.
Not all the peril of temptations,
Not all the conflict of the paſſions,

Can quench the ſpark of glory's flame,
Or quite extinguiſh Virtue's name;
Like the true taſte for genuine ſaunter,
Like ſloth, the ſoul's moſt dire enchanter.
The active fires that ſtir the breaſt,
Her poppies charm to fatal reſt;
They rule in ſhort and quick ſucceſſion,
But SLOTH keeps one long, faſt poſſeſſion;
Ambition's reign is quickly clos'd,
Th' uſurper rage is ſoon depos'd;
Intemperance, where there's no temptation,
Makes voluntary abdication;
Of other tyrants ſhort the ſtrife,
But INDOLENCE is king for life.
The deſpot twiſts with ſoft control,
Eternal fetters round the ſoul.

Yet tho' ſo poliſh'd FLORIO's breeding,
Think him not ignorant of reading;
For he to keep him from the vapours,
Subſcrib'd at HOOKHAM's, ſaw the papers;
Was deep in poet's-corner wit;
Knew what was in Italics writ;

Explain'd fictitious names at will,
Each gutted ſyllable cou'd fill;
There oft, in paragraphs, his name
Gave ſymptom ſweet of growing fame;
Tho' yet they only ſerv'd to hint
That FLORIO lov'd to ſee in print,
His ample buckles' alter'd ſhape,
His buttons chang'd, his varying cape.
And many a ſtandard phraſe was his
Might rival *bore*, or baniſh *quiz*;
The man who graſps this young renown,
And early ſtarts for faſhion's crown;
In time that glorious prize may wield,
Which clubs, and ev'n Newmarket yield.
He ſtudied while he dreſs'd, for true 'tis,
He read *Compendiums*, *Extracts*, *Beauties*,
Abregés, *Dictionnaires*, *Recueils*,
Mercures, *Journaux*, *Extraits*, and *Feuilles*;
No work in ſubſtance now is follow'd,
The Chemic Extract only 's ſwallow'd.
He lik'd thoſe literary cooks
Who ſkim the cream of others' books;

And ruin half an Author's graces,
By plucking bons-mots from their places;
He wonders any writing ſells,
But theſe ſpic'd muſhrooms and morells;
His palate theſe alone can touch,
Where every mouthful is *bonne bouche.*
Some phraſe, that with the public took,
Was all he read of any book;
For plan, detail, arrangement, ſyſtem,
He let *them* go, and never miſs'd 'em.
Of each new Play he ſaw a part,
And all the *Anas* had by heart;
He found whatever they produce
Is fit for converſation-uſe;
Learning ſo ready for diſplay,
A page would prime him for a day:
They cram not with a maſs of knowledge,
Which ſmacks of toil, and ſmells of college,
Which in the memory uſeleſs lies,
Or only makes men—good and wiſe.
This might have merit once indeed,
But now for other ends we read.

A friend

A friend he had, BELLARIO hight,
A reaſoning, reading, learned wight;
At leaſt, with men of FLORIO's breeding,
He was a prodigy of reading.
He knew each ſtale and vapid lye
In tomes of French Philoſophy;
And then, we fairly may preſume,
From PYRRHO down to DAVID HUME,
'Twere difficult to ſingle out
A man more full of ſhallow doubt;
He knew the little ſceptic prattle,
The ſophiſt's paltry arts of battle;
Talk'd gravely of th' Atomic dance,
Of moral fitneſs, fate, and chance;
Admir'd the ſyſtem of LUCRETIUS,
Whoſe matchleſs verſe makes nonſenſe ſpecious!
To this his doctrine owes its merits,
Like pois'nous reptiles kept in ſpirits.
Tho' ſceptics dull his ſcheme rehearſe,
Who have not ſouls to taſte his verſe.
BELLARIO founds his reputation
On dry, ſtale jokes, about Creation;

Wou'd prove, by argument circuitous,
The combination was fortuitous.
Swore Priefts' whole trade was to deceive,
And prey on bigots who believe;
With bitter ridicule cou'd jeer,
And had the true free-thinking fneer.
Grave arguments he had in ftore,
Which have been anfwer'd o'er and o'er;
And us'd, with wond'rous penetration
The trite, old trick of falfe citation;
From ancient Authors fond to quote
A phrafe or thought they never wrote.
Upon his higheft fhelf there ftood
The Claffics, neatly cut in wood;
And in a more commodious ftation,
You found them in a French tranflation:
He fwears, 'tis from the Greek he quotes,
But keeps the French—juft for the notes.
He worfhipp'd certain modern names
Who Hiftory write in Epigrams,
In pointed periods, fhining phrafes,
And all the fmall poetic daifies,

Which crowd the pert and florid ſtyle,
Where fact is dropt to raiſe a ſmile;
Where notes indecent or prophane
Serve to *raiſe* doubts, but not *explain*:
Where all is ſpangle, glitter, ſhow,
And truth is overlaid below:
Arts ſcorn'd by Hiſtory's ſober Muſe,
Arts CLARENDON diſdain'd to uſe.
   Whate'er the ſubject of debate,
'Twas larded ſtill with ſceptic prate;
Begin whatever theme you will,
In unbelief he lands you ſtill;
The good, with ſhame I ſpeak it, feel
Not half this proſelyting zeal:
While cold their Maſter's cauſe to own
Content to go to Heaven alone;
The infidel in liberal trim,
Wou'd carry all the World with him;
Wou'd treat his wife, friend, kindred, nation,
Mankind—with what? Annihilation.
   Tho' FLORIO did not quite believe him,
He thought, why ſhou'd a friend deceive him?

Much

Much as he priz'd BELLARIO's wit,
He lik'd not all his notions yet;
He thought him charming, pleafant, odd,
But hop'd one might believe in GOD;
Yet fuch the charms that grac'd his tongue,
He knew not how to think him wrong.
Tho' FLORIO tried a thoufand ways,
Truth's infuppreffive torch wou'd blaze;
Where once her flame has burnt, I doubt
If ever it go fairly out.

Yet, under great BELLARIO's care,
He gain'd each day a better air;
With many a leader of renown,
Deep in the learning of the Town,
Who never other fcience knew,
But what from that prime fource they drew;
Pleas'd, to the Opera they repair,
To get recruits of knowledge there;
Mythology gain at a glance,
And learn the Claffics from a dance:
In OVID they ne'er car'd a groat,
How far'd the vent'rous ARGONAUT;

Yet

Yet charm'd they see MEDEA rise
On fiery dragons to the skies.
For DIDO *, tho' they never knew her
As MARO's magic pencil drew her,
Faithful and fond, and broken-hearted,
Her pious vagabond departed;
Yet, for DIDONE how they roar!
And *Cara! Cara!* loud encore.

One taste, BELLARIO's soul possess'd,
The master passion of his breast;
It was not one of those frail joys,
Which, by possession, quickly cloys;
This bliss was solid, constant, true,
'Twas action, and 'twas passion too;
For tho' the business might be finish'd,
The pleasure scarcely was diminish'd;
Did he ride out, or sit, or walk,
He liv'd it o'er again in talk;
Prolong'd the fugitive delight,
In words by day, in dreams by night.

'Twas

* MEDEA and DIDO were the two reigning Operas at this time.

'Twas *eating* did his ſoul allure,
A deep, keen, modiſh Epicure;
Tho' once this name, as I opine,
Meant not ſuch men as live to dine;
Yet all our modern Wits aſſure us,
That's all *they* know of EPICURUS:
They fondly fancy, that repletion
Was the *chief good* of that fam'd Grecian.
To live in gardens full of flowers,
And talk philoſophy in bowers,
Or, in the covert of a wood,
To deſcant on the *ſovereign good*,
Might be the notion of their founder,
But they have notions vaſtly ſounder;
Their bolder ſtandards they erect,
To form a more ſubſtantial ſect;
Old EPICURUS wou'd not own 'em,
A dinner is *their ſummum bonum*.
More like you'll find ſuch ſparks as theſe
To EPICURUS' deities;
Like them they mix not with affairs,
But loll and laugh at human cares.

To

To beaux this difference is allow'd,
They chuſe a ſofa for a cloud;
Bellario had embrac'd with glee,
This practical philoſophy.

Young Florio's father had a friend,
And ne'er did Heaven a worthier ſend;
A cheerful knight of good eſtate,
Whoſe heart was warm, whoſe bounty great.
Where'er his wide protection ſpread,
The ſick were cheer'd, the hungry fed;
Reſentment vaniſh'd where he came,
And law-ſuits fled before his name;
The old eſteem'd, the young careſs'd him,
And all the ſmiling village bleſs'd him.
Within his Caſtle's Gothic gate,
Sate Plenty, and old-faſhion'd State:
Scarce Prudence cou'd his bounties ſtint;—
Such characters are out of print:
O! wou'd kind Heav'n, the age to mend,
A new edition of them ſend,
Before our tottering Caſtles fall,
And ſwarming Nabobs ſeize on all!

Some

Some little whims he had, 'tis true,
But they were harmlefs, and were few;
He dreaded nought like alteration,
Improvement ftill was innovation;
He faid, when any change was brewing,
Reform was a fine name for ruin *;
This maxim firmly he would hold,
"*That* always muft be good that's old."
The acts which dignify the day
He thought portended its decay:
And fear'd twou'd fhew a falling State,
If STERNHOLD fhou'd give way to TATE:
The Church's downfall he predicted,
Were modern tunes not interdicted;
He fcorn'd them all, but crown'd with palm
The man who fet the hundredth Pfalm.

Of moderate parts, of moderate wit,
But parts for life and bufinefs fit.
Whate'er the theme, he did not fail,
At Popery and the French to rail;

And

* Thefe lines were written many years before the French Revolution had in a manner realized Sir GILBERT's idea of REFORM.

And ſtarted wide, with fond digreſſion
To praiſe the Proteſtant ſucceſſion.
Of BLACKSTONE he had read a part
And all BURN's JUSTICE knew by heart.
He thought man's life too ſhort to waſte
On idle things call'd wit and taſte.
In books that he might loſe no minute,
His very verſe had buſineſs in it.
He ne'er had heard of Bards of GREECE,
But had read half of DYER's FLEECE.
His ſphere of knowledge ſtill was wider,
His Georgics, "PHILIPS upon Cyder:"
He cou'd produce in proper place,
Three apt quotations from the "Chace *,"
And in the hall, from day to day,
Old ISAAC WALTON's *Angler* lay.
This good and venerable knight
One daughter had, his ſoul's delight:
For face, no mortal cou'd reſiſt her,
She ſmil'd like HEBE's youngeſt ſiſter:

* A Poem by Mr. SOMERVILE.

Her life, as lovely as her face,
Each duty mark'd with every grace;
Her native ſenſe improv'd by reading,
Her native ſweetneſs by good-breeding:
She had perus'd each choicer ſage
Of ancient date, or later age;
But her beſt knowledge ſtill ſhe found
On ſacred, not on Claſſic ground;
'Twas thence her nobleſt ſtores ſhe drew,
And well ſhe practis'd what ſhe knew.
Led by Simplicity divine,
She pleas'd, and never tried to ſhine;
She gave to chance each unſchool'd feature,
And left her cauſe to Senſe and Nature.

The Sire of FLORIO, ere he died,
Decreed fair CELIA FLORIO's bride;
Bade him his lateſt wiſh attend,
And win the daughter of his friend;
When the laſt rites to him were paid,
He charg'd him to addreſs the maid:
Sir GILBERT's heart the wiſh approv'd,
For much his ancient friend he lov'd.

Six rapid months like lightning fly,
And the laſt grey was now thrown by;
FLORIO, reluctant, calls to mind
The orders of a Sire too kind:
Yet go he muſt; he muſt fulfil
The hard conditions of the will:
Go, at that precious hour of prime,
Go, at that ſwarming, buſtling time,
When the full town to joy invites,
Diſtracted with its own delights;
When Pleaſure pours from her full urn,
Each tireſome tranſport in its turn;
When Diſſipation's altars blaze,
And men run mad a thouſand ways;
When, on his tablets, there were found
Engagements for full ſix weeks round;
Muſt leave, with grief and deſperation,
Three packs of cards of invitation,
And all the raviſhing delights
Of ſlaviſh days, and ſleepleſs nights.

Ye Nymphs, whom tyrant Power drags down,
With hand deſpotic, from the town,

When ALMACK's doors wide open ſtand,
And the gay partner's offer'd hand
Courts to the dance; when ſteaming rooms.
Fetid with unguents and perfumes,
Invite you to the mobs polite
Of three ſure balls in one ſhort night;
You may conceive what FLORIO felt,
And ſympathetically melt;
You may conceive the hardſhip dire,
To lawns and woodlands to retire,
When, freed from Winter's icy chain,
Glad Nature revels on the plain;
When bluſhing Spring leads on the hours,
And May is prodigal of flow'rs;
When Paſſion warbles thro' the grove,
And all is ſong, and all is love;
When new-born breezes ſweep the vale,
And health adds fragrance to the gale.

FLORIO.

PART II.

Six bays, unconfcious of their weight,
Soon lodg'd him at Sir Gilbert's gate;
His trufty Swifs, who flew ftill fafter,
Announc'd th' arrival of his Mafter:
So loud the rap which fhook the door,
The hall re-echo'd to the roar;
Since firft the Caftle walls were rear'd,
So dread a found had ne'er been heard;
The din alarm'd the frighten'd deer,
Who in a corner flunk for fear;
The Butler thought 'twas beat of drum,
The Steward fwore the French were come;
It ting'd with red poor Florio's face,
He thought himfelf in Portland-Place.

Short joy! he enter'd, and the gate
Clos'd on him with its ponderous weight.
  Who, like Sir GILBERT, now was bleſt?
With rapture he embrac'd his gueſt.
Fair CELIA bluſh'd, and FLORIO utter'd
Half ſentences, or rather mutter'd
Disjointed words—as, "honour! pleaſure!
"Kind!—vaſtly good, Ma'am!—beyond meaſure:"
Tame expletives, with which dull Faſhion
Fills vacancies of ſenſe and paſſion.
Yet, tho' diſciple of cold Art,
FLORIO ſoon found he had a heart;
He ſaw; and but that Admiration
Had been too active, too like paſſion;
Or had he been to *Ton* leſs true,
Cupid had ſhot him thro' and thro';
But, vainly ſpeeds the ſureſt dart,
Where FASHION's mail defends the heart;
The ſhaft her cold repulſion found,
And fell, without the pow'r to wound:
For FASHION, with a mother's joy,
Dipp'd in her lake the darling boy;

Tha

That lake, whofe chilling waves impart
The gift to freeze the warmeft heart:
Yet guarded as he was with phlegm,
With fuch delight he ey'd the dame,
Found his cold heart fo melt before her,
And felt fo ready to adore her;
That FASHION fear'd her fon wou'd yield,
And flew to fnatch him from the field;
O'er his touch'd heart her Ægis threw,
The Goddefs Mother ftrait he knew;
Her power he own'd, fhe faw and fmil'd,
And claim'd the triumph of her child.
  CELIA a table ftill fupplied,
Which modifh luxury might deride:
A modeft feaft the hope conveys,
The Mafter eats on other days;
While gorgeous banquets oft befpeak
A hungry houfehold all the week.
And decent elegance was there,
And Plenty with her liberal air.
But vulgar Plenty gave offence,
And fhock'd poor FLORIO's nicer fenfe

 Patient

Patient he yielded to his fate,
When good Sir GILBERT pil'd his plate;
He bow'd fubmiffive, made no queftion,
But that 'twas fovereign for digeftion;
But, fuch was his unlucky whim,
Plain meats wou'd ne'er agree with him;
Yet feign'd to praife the gothic treat,
And, if he ate not, feem'd to eat.

In fleep fad FLORIO hop'd to find,
The pleafures he had left behind.
He dreamt, and lo! to charm his eyes,
The form of WELTJE * feem'd to rife;
The gracious vifion wav'd his wand,
And banquets fprung to FLORIO's hand;
Th' imaginary favours rofe
In tempting odours to his nofe.
A bell, not Fancy's falfe creation,
Gives joyful "note of preparation;"
He ftarts, he wakes, the bell he hears;
Alas! it rings for morning pray'rs.

But

* A celebrated Cook and Confectioner.

But how to ſpend next tedious morning,
Was paſt his poſſible diſcerning;
Unable to amuſe himſelf,
He tumbled every well-rang'd ſhelf;
This book was dull, and that was wiſe,
And this was monſtrous as to ſize.
With eager joy he gobbled down
Whate'er related to the town;
Whate'er look'd ſmall, whate'er look'd new,
Half-bound, or ſtitch'd in pink or blue;
Old play-bills, ASTLEY's laſt year's feats,
And Opera diſputes in ſheets.
As theſe dear records meet his eyes,
Ghoſts of departed pleaſures riſe;
He lays the book upon the ſhelf,
And leaves the day to ſpend itſelf.

To cheat the tedious hours, whene'er
He ſallied forth to take the air,
His ſympathetic ponies knew
Which way their Lord's affections drew;
And, every time he went abroad,
Sought of themſelves the London road;

He aſk'd each mile of every clown,
How far they reckon'd it to town?
And ſtill his nimble ſpirits riſe,
Whilſt thither he directs his eyes;
But when his courſers back he guides,
The ſinking Mercury quick ſubſides.
  A week he had reſolv'd to ſtay,
But found a week in every day;
Yet if the gentle maid was by,
Faint pleaſure gliſten'd in his eye;
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke, attention hung
On the mild accents of her tongue;
But when no more the room ſhe grac'd,
The ſlight impreſſion was effac'd.
Whene'er Sir GILBERT's ſporting gueſts
Retail'd old news, or older jeſts,
FLORIO, quite calm, and debonair,
Still humm'd a new Italian air;
He did not even feign to hear 'em,
But plainly ſhew'd he cou'd not bear 'em.
  CELIA perceiv'd his ſecret thoughts,
But lik'd the youth with all his faults;

Yet

Yet 'twas unlike, ſhe ſoftly ſaid,
The tales of love which ſhe had read,
Where heroes vow'd, and ſigh'd, and knelt;
Nay, 'twas unlike the love ſhe felt;
Tho' when her Sire the youth wou'd blame,
She clear'd his but ſuſpected fame,
Ventur'd to hope, with fault'ring tongue,
"He wou'd reform—he was but young;"
Confeſs'd his manners wrong in part,
"But then—he had ſo good a heart!"
She ſunk each fault, each virtue rais'd,
And ſtill, where truth permitted, prais'd;
His intereſt farther to ſecure,
She prais'd his bounty to the poor;
For, votary as he was of art,
He had a kind and melting heart;
Tho', with a ſmile, he us'd to own
He had not *time* to feel in town;
Not that he bluſh'd to ſhew compaſſion,—
It chanc'd that year to be the faſhion.
And equally the modiſh tribe,
To Clubs or Hoſpitals ſubſcribe.

At length, to wake Ambition's flame,
A letter from BELLARIO came;
Announcing the ſupreme delight,
Preparing for a certain night,
By FLAVIA fair, return'd from France,
Who took him captive at a glance:
The invitations all were given!
Five hundred cards!—a little heaven!—
A dinner firſt—he wou'd preſent him,
And nothing, nothing muſt prevent him.
Whoever wiſh'd a noble air,
Muſt gain it by an *entrée* there;
Of all the glories of the town,
'Twas the firſt paſſport to renown.
Then ridicul'd his rural ſchemes,
His paſtoral ſhades, and purling ſtreams;
Sneer'd at his preſent *brilliant* life,
His poliſh'd Sire, and high-bred Wife!
Thus, doubly to inflame, he tried,
His curioſity, and pride.

The youth, with agitated heart,
Prepar'd directly to depart;

But, bound in honour to obey
His father, at no diftant day,
He promis'd foon to haften down,
Tho' bufinefs call'd him now to town;
Then faintly hints a cold propofal—
But leaves it to the Knight's difpofal—
Stammer'd half words of love and duty,
And mutter'd much of—"worth and beauty;"
Something of "paffion" then he dropt,
"And hop'd his *ardour*"—Here he ftopt;
For fome remains of native truth
Flufh'd in his face, and check'd the youth;
Yet ftill th' ambiguous fuffufion,
Might pafs for artlefs love's confufion.
The doating father thought 'twas ftrange,
But fancied men like times might change;
Yet own'd, nor cou'd he check his tongue,
It was not fo when he was young.
That was the reign of Love he fwore,
Whofe halcyon days are now no more.
In that bleft age, for honour fam'd,
Love paid the homage Virtue claim'd;

Not that inſipid, daudling Cupid,
With heart ſo hard, and air ſo ſtupid,
Who coldly courts the charms which lie
In Affectation's half-clos'd eye.
Love then was honeſt, genuine paſſion,
And manly gallantry the faſhion;
Yet pure as ardent was the flame
Excited by the beauteous dame;
Hope cou'd ſubſiſt on ſlender bounties,
And Suitors gallop'd o'er two counties,
The Ball's fair partner to behold,
Or humbly hope—ſhe caught no cold.
  But mark how much Love's annals mend!
Shou'd Beauty's Goddeſs now deſcend;
On ſome adventure ſhou'd ſhe come,
To grace a modiſh drawing-room;
Spite of her form and heavenly air,
What Beau wou'd hand her to her chair?
Vain were that grace, which, to her ſon,
Diſclos'd what Beauty had not done:
Vain were that motion which betray'd,
The goddeſs was no earth-born maid;

If

If noxious Faro's baleful ſpright,
With rites infernal rul'd the night,
The group abſorb'd in play and pelf,
Venus might call her doves herſelf.
As Florio paſs'd the Caſtle-gate,
His ſpirits ſeem to loſe their weight;
He feaſts his lately vacant mind
With all the joys he hopes to find;
Yet on whate'er his fancy broods,
The form of Celia ſtill intrudes;
Whatever other ſounds he hears,
The voice of Celia fills his ears;
Howe'er his random thoughts might fly,
Her graces dance before his eye;
Nor was th' obtruſive viſion o'er,
E'en when he reach'd Bellario's door;
The friends embrac'd with warm delight,
And Flavia's praiſes crown'd the night.
Soon dawn'd the day which was to ſhew
Glad Florio what was heaven below.
Flavia, admir'd wherever known,
Th' acknowledg'd Empreſs of bon-ton;

O'er FASHION's wayward kingdom reigns,
And holds BELLARIO in her chains:
Various her powers; a wit by day,
By night unmatch'd for lucky play.
The flattering, faſhionable tribe,
Each ſtray bon-mot to her aſcribe;
And all her "little ſenate" own
She made the beſt *Charade* in town;
Her midnight ſuppers always drew
Whate'er was fine, whate'er was new.
There oft the brighteſt fame you'd ſee
The victim of a repartee;
For Slander's Prieſteſs ſtill ſupplies
The SPOTLESS for the ſacrifice.
None at her poliſh'd table ſit,
But who aſpire to modiſh wit;
The *perſiflage*, th' unfeeling jeer,
The civil, grave, ironic ſneer;
The laugh, which, more than cenſure wounds,
Which, more than argument, confounds.
There the fair deed, which wou'd engage
The wonder of a nobler age,

With

With unbelieving ſcorn is heard,
Or ſtill to ſelfiſh ends referr'd;
If in the deed no flaw they find,
To ſome baſe motive 'tis aſſign'd;
When Malice longs to throw her dart,
But finds no vulnerable part,
Becauſe the Virtues all defend,
At every paſs, their guarded friend;
Then by one ſlight inſinuation,
One ſcarce perceiv'd exaggeration;
Sly RIDICULE, with half a word,
Can fix her ſtigma of—abſurd;
Nor care, nor ſkill, extracts the dart,
With which ſhe ſtabs the feeling heart;
Her cruel cauſtics inly pain,
And ſcars indelible remain.

Supreme in wit, ſupreme in play,
Deſpotic FLAVIA all obey;
Small were her natural charms of face,
Till heighten'd with each foreign grace;
But what ſubdued BELLARIO's ſoul
Beyond Philoſophy's control,

Her conſtant table was as fine
As if ten Rajahs were to dine;
She every day produc'd ſuch fiſh as
Wou'd gratify the nice APICIUS,
Or realize what we think fabulous
I' th' bill of fare of HELIOGABALUS.
Yet ſtill the natural taſte was cheated,
'Twas delug'd in ſome ſauce one hated.
'Twas ſauce! 'twas ſweetmeat! 'twas confection!
All poignancy! and all perfection!
Rich *Entremets*, whoſe name none knows,
Ragouts, *Tourtes*, *Tendrons*, *Fricandeaux*,
Might picque the ſenſuality
O' th' hogs of EPICURUS' ſty;
Yet all ſo foreign, and ſo fine,
'Twas eaſier to admire, than dine.
O! if the Muſe had power to tell
Each diſh, no Muſe has power to ſpell!
Great Goddeſs of the French *Cuiſine!*
Not with unhallow'd hands I mean
To violate thy ſecret ſhade,
Which eyes prophane ſhall ne'er invade;

No!

No! of thy dignity ſupreme,
I, with "myſterious reverence," deem!
Or, ſhou'd I venture with raſh hand,
The vulgar wou'd not underſtand;
None but th' initiated know
The raptures keen thy rites beſtow.
Thus much to tell I lawful deem,
Thy works are never what they ſeem;
Thy will this general law has paſt,
That nothing of itſelf ſhall taſte.
Thy word this high decree enacted,
"In all be NATURE counteracted!"
    Conceive, who can, the perfect bliſs,
For 'tis not given to all to gueſs,
The rapturous joy BELLARIO found,
When thus his ev'ry wiſh was crown'd.
To FLORIO, as the beſt of friends,
One diſh he ſecretly commends;
Then hinted, as a ſpecial favour,
What gave it that delicious flavour;
A myſtery he ſo much reveres,
He never to unhallow'd ears

Wou'd truſt it, but to him wou'd ſhow
How far true Friendſhip's power cou'd go.
FLORIO, tho' dazzled by the *fête*,
With far inferior tranſport eat;
A little warp his taſte had gain'd,
Which, unperceiv'd, till now, remain'd;
For, from himſelf he wou'd conceal
The change he did not chuſe to feel;
He almoſt wiſh'd he cou'd be picking
An unſophiſticated chicken;
And when he caſt his eyes around,
And not one ſimple morſel found,
O give me, was his ſecret wiſh,
My charming CELIA's plaineſt diſh!
Thus Nature, ſtruggling for her rights,
Lets in ſome little, caſual lights,
And Love combines to war with Faſhion,
Tho' yet 'twas but an infant paſſion;
The practis'd FLAVIA tried each art
Of ſly attack to ſteal his heart;
Her forc'd civilities oppreſs,
Fatiguing thro' mere graciouſneſs;

While

While many a gay, intrepid dame,
By bold aſſault eſſay'd the ſame.
Fill'd with diſguſt, he ſtrove to fly
The artful glance and fearleſs eye;
Their jargon now no more he praiſes,
Nor echoes back their flimſy phraſes.
He felt not CELIA's powers of face,
Till weigh'd againſt *bon-ton* grimace;
Nor half her genuine beauties taſted,
'Till with factitious charms contraſted.
Th' induſtrious harpies hover'd round,
Nor peace nor liberty he found;
By force and flattery circumvented,
To play, reluctant, he conſented;
Each Dame her power of pleaſing tried,
To fix the novice by her ſide;
Of *Pigeons*, he the very beſt,
Who wealth, with ignorance, poſſeſt:
But FLAVIA's rhetoric beſt perſuades,
That Sybil leads him to the ſhades;
The fatal leaves around the room,
Prophetic, tell th' approaching doom!

Yet, different from the tale of old,
It was the fair one pluck'd the gold;
Her arts the pond'rous purfe exhauft;
A thoufand borrow'd, ftak'd, and loft,
Wakes him to fenfe and fhame again,
Nor force, nor fraud, cou'd more obtain.
He rofe, indignant, to attend
The fummons of a ruin'd friend,
Whom keen BELLARIO's arts betray
To all the depths of defperate play;
A thoughtlefs youth who near him fat,
Was plunder'd of his whole eftate;
Too late he call'd for FLORIO's aid,
A beggar in a moment made.
And now, with horror, FLORIO views
The wild confufion which enfues;
Marks how the Dames, of late fo fair,
Affume a fierce demoniac air;
Marks where th' infernal furies hold
Their orgies foul o'er heaps of gold;
And fpirits dire appear to rife,
Guarding the horrid myfteries;

Marks how deforming paſſions tear
The boſoms of the loſing fair;
How looks convulſ'd, and hagger'd faces,
Chaſe the ſcar'd Loves, and frighten'd Graces?
Touch'd with diſdain, with horror fir'd,
CELIA! he murmur'd, and retir'd.

That night no ſleep his eyelids preſt,
He thought; and thought 's a foe to reſt:
Or if, by chance, he clos'd his eyes,
What hideous ſpectres round him riſe!
Diſtemper'd Fancy wildly brings
The broken images of things;
His ruin'd friend, with eye-ball fixt,
Swallowing the draught Deſpair had mixt;
The frantic wife beſide him ſtands,
With burſting heart, and wringing hands;
And every horror dreams beſtow,
Of pining Want, or raving Woe.

Next morn, to check, or cheriſh thought,
His Library's retreat he ſought;
He view'd each book, with cold regard,
Of ſerious ſage, or lighter bard;

At length, among the motley band,
The IDLER fell into his hand;
Th' alluring title caught his eye,
It promis'd cold inanity:
He read with rapture and ſurpriſe,
And found 'twas pleaſant, tho' 'twas wiſe;
His tea grew cold, whilſt he, unheeding,
Purſu'd this reaſonable reading.
He wonder'd at the change he found,
Th' elaſtic ſpirits nimbly bound;
Time ſlipt, without diſguſt, away,
While many a card unanſwer'd lay;
Three papers, reeking from the preſs,
Three Pamphlets thin, in azure dreſs,
Ephemeral literature well known,
The lie and ſcandal of the town;
Poiſon of letters, morals, time!
Aſſaſſin of our day's freſh prime!
Theſe, on his table, half the day,
Unthought of, and neglected lay.
FLORIO had now full three hours read,
Hours which he us'd to waſte in bed;

His

His pulſe beat Virtue's vigorous tone,
The reaſon to himſelf unknown;
And if he ſtopp'd to ſeek the cauſe,
Fair CELIA's image fill'd the pauſe.
And now, announc'd, BELLARIO's name
Had almoſt quench'd the new-born flame:
"Admit him," was the ready word
Which firſt eſcap'd him, not unheard;
When ſudden, to his mental ſight,
Uproſe the horrors of laſt night;
His plunder'd friend before him ſtands,
And—"not at home," his firm commands.
He felt the conqueſt as a joy
The firſt temptation wou'd deſtroy.
He knew next day that Hymen's hand,
Wou'd tack the ſlight and ſlippery band,
Which, in looſe bondage, wou'd enſnare
BELLARIO bright and FLAVIA fair.
Oft had he promis'd to attend
The Nuptials of his happy friend:
To go—to ſtay—alike he fears;
At length a bolder flight he dares;

To CELIA he reſolves to fly,
And catch freſh virtue from her eye;
Tho' three full weeks did yet remain,
Ere he engag'd to come again.
This plan he tremblingly embrac'd,
With doubtful zeal, and fluttering haſte;
Nor ventur'd he one card to read,
Which might his virtuous ſcheme impede;
Each note, he dreaded might betray him,
And ſhudder'd leſt each rap ſhou'd ſtay him.
Behold him ſeated in his chaiſe;
With face that ſelf-diſtruſt betrays;
He hazards not a ſingle glance,
Nor thro' the glaſſes peeps by chance,
Leſt ſome old friend, or haunt well known,
Shou'd melt his reſolution down.
Faſt as his foaming courſers fly,
Hyde-Park attracts his half-rais'd eye;
He ſteals one fearful, conſcious look,
Then drops his eye upon his book.
Triumphant he perſiſts to go;
But gives one ſigh to *Rotten Row*.

Long

Long as he view'd AUGUSTA's tow'rs,
The ſight relax'd his thinking pow'rs;
In vain he better plans revolves,
While the ſoft ſcene his ſoul diſſolves;
The tow'rs once loſt, his view he bends,
Where the receding ſmoke aſcends;
But when nor ſmoke, nor tow'rs ariſe,
To charm his heart or cheat his eyes;
When once he got entirely clear
From this enfeebling atmoſphere;
His mind was brac'd, his ſpirits light,
His heart was gay, his humour bright;
Thus feeling, at his inmoſt ſoul,
The ſweet reward of ſelf-control.
Impatient now, and all alive,
He thought he never ſhou'd arrive;
At laſt he ſpies Sir GILBERT's trees;
Now the near battlements he ſees;
The gates he enter'd with delight;
And, ſelf-announc'd, embrac'd the knight:
The youth his joy unfeign'd expreſt,
The knight with joy receiv'd his gueſt,

And

And own'd, with no unwilling tongue,
'Twas done like men when he was young.
Three weeks fubducted, went to prove,
A feeling like old-fafhion'd love.
For CELIA, not a word fhe faid,
But blufh'd, "celeftial, rofy red!"
Her modeft charms tranfport the youth,
Who promis'd everlafting truth.
CELIA, in honour of the day,
Unufual fplendor wou'd difplay:
Such was the charm her fweetnefs gave,
He thought her Wedgwood had been *Sève*;
Her tafte diffufs'd a gracious air,
And chafte Simplicity was there,
Whofe fecret power, tho' filent, great is,
The lovelieft of the fweet Penates.
FLORIO, now prefent to the fcene,
With fpirits light, and gracious mein,
Sir GILBERT's port politely praifes,
And carefully avoids French phrafes;
Endures the daily differtation
On Land-tax, and a ruin'd Nation;

Liftens

Liftens to many a tedious tale
Of poachers, who deferv'd a jail;
Heard all the bufinefs of the Quorum,
Each caufe and crime produc'd before 'em;
Heard them abufe with complaifance
The language, wines, and wits of France;
Nor did he hum a fingle air,
While good Sir GILBERT fill'd his chair.

Abroad, with joy and grateful pride,
He walks, with CELIA by his fide:
A thoufand cheerful thoughts arife,
Each rural fcene enchants his eyes;
With tranfport he begins to look
On Nature's all-inftructive book;
No objects now feem mean, or low,
Which point to HIM from whom they flow.
A berry or a bud excites
A chain of reafoning which delights,
Which, fpite of fceptic ebullitions,
Proves Atheifts not the beft Logicians.
A tree, a brook, a blade of grafs,
Suggefts reflections as they pafs,

Till FLORIO, with a ſigh, confeſt
The ſimpleſt pleaſures are the beſt!
BELLARIO's ſyſtems ſink in air,
He feels the PERFECT, GOOD, and FAIR.
As pious CELIA rais'd the theme
To holy faith and love ſupreme;
Enlighten'd FLORIO learn'd to trace
In Nature's God the God of Grace.
In wiſdom as the convert grew,
The hours on rapid pinions flew;
When call'd to dreſs, that TITUS wore
A wig the alter'd FLORIO ſwore;
Or elſe, in eſtimating time,
He ne'er had mark'd it as a crime,
That he had loſt but *one day*'s bleſſing,
When we ſo many loſe, by dreſſing.
The reſt, ſuffice it now to ſay,
Was finiſh'd in the uſual way.
Cupid, impatient for his hour,
Revil'd ſlow Themis' tedious power,
Whoſe parchment legends, ſigning, ſealing,
Are cruel forms for Love to deal in.

At

At length, to FLORIO's eager eyes,
Behold the day of blifs arife!
The golden fun illumes the globe,
The burning torch, the faffron robe,
Juft as of old, glad Hymen wears,
And Cupid, as of old, appears
In Hymen's train; fo ftrange the cafe,
They hardly knew each other's face;
Yet both confefs'd with glowing heart
They never were defign'd to part;
Quoth Hymen, fure you're ftrangely flighted
At weddings not to be invited;
The reafon's clear enough, quoth Cupid,
My company is thought but ftupid,
Where Plutus is the favourite gueft,
For he and I fcarce fpeak at beft.

The felf-fame fun which joins the twain
Sees FLAVIA fever'd from her fwain:
BELLARIO fues for a divorce,
And both purfue their fep'rate courfe.

Oh wedded love! Thy blifs how rare!
And yet the ill-afforted pair;

The pair who chuſe at Faſhion's voice,
Or drag the chain of venal choice,
Have little cauſe to curſe the State;
Who *make*, ſhou'd never *blame* their fate;
Such flimſy ties, ſay where's the wonder,
If Doctors Commons ſnap aſunder.

In either caſe, 'tis ſtill the wife,
Gives caſt and colour to the life.
Florio eſcap'd from Faſhion's ſchool,
His heart and conduct learns to rule;
Conſcience his uſeful life approves;
He ſerves his God, his Country loves;
Reveres her laws, protects her rights,
And, for her intereſts, pleads or fights;
Reviews with ſcorn his former life,
And, for his reſcue, thanks his Wife.

THE SLAVE TRADE:

A POEM.

—— O great deſign!
Ye Sons of Mercy! O complete your work;
Wrench from Oppreſſion's hand the iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

THOMPSON'S "LIBERTY."

THE SLAVE TRADE.

If Heaven has into being deign'd to call
Thy light, O Liberty! to ſhine on all;
Bright intellectual Sun! why does thy ray
To earth diſtribute only partial day?
Since no reſiſting cauſe from ſpirit flows
Thy univerſal preſence to oppoſe;
No obſtacles by Nature's hand impreſt,
Thy ſubtle and ethereal beams arreſt;
Not ſway'd by matter is thy courſe benign,
Or more direct or more oblique to ſhine;
Nor motion's laws can ſpeed thy active courſe,
Nor ſtrong repulſion's pow'rs obſtruct thy force;
Since there is no convexity in mind,
Why are thy genial beams to parts confin'd?

While the chill North with thy bright ray is bleſt,
Why ſhould fell darkneſs half the South inveſt?
Was it decreed, fair Freedom! at thy birth,
That thou ſhou'd'ſt ne'er irradiate *all* the earth?
While Britain baſks in thy full blaze of light,
Why lies ſad Afric quench'd in total night?
  Thee only, *ſober* Goddeſs! I atteſt,
In ſmiles chaſtis'd, and decent graces dreſt.
To thee alone, pure daughter of the ſkies,
The hallow'd incenſe of the Bard ſhou'd riſe!
Not that mad Liberty, in whoſe wild praiſe
Too oft he trims his proſtituted bays;
Not that unlicens'd monſter of the crowd,
Whoſe roar terrific burſts in peals ſo loud,
Deaf'ning the ear of Peace; fierce Faction's tool,
Of raſh Sedition born, and mad Miſrule;
Whoſe ſtubborn mouth, rejecting Reaſon's reign,
No ſtrength can govern, and no ſkill reſtrain;
Whoſe magic cries the frantic vulgar draw
To ſpurn at Order, and to outrage Law;
To tread on grave Authority and Pow'r,
And ſhake the work of ages in an hour:

Convuls'd her voice, and peſtilent her breath,
She raves of mercy, while ſhe deals out death:
Each blaſt is fate; ſhe darts from either hand
Red conflagration o'er th' aſtoniſh'd land;
Clamouring for peace, ſhe rends the air with noiſe,
And to reform a part, the whole deſtroys.
Reviles oppreſſion only to oppreſs,
And, in the act of murder, breathes redreſs.
Such have we ſeen on Freedom's genuine coaſt,
Bellowing for bleſſings which were never loſt.
'Tis paſt, and Reaſon rules the lucid hour,
And beauteous ORDER re-aſſumes his power:
Lord of the bright aſcendant may he reign,
Till perfect Peace eternal ſway maintain*!

O, plaintive Southerne †! whoſe impaſſion'd page
Can melt the ſoul to grief, or rouſe to rage!
Now, when congenial themes engage the Muſe,
She burns to emulate thy generous views;
Her failing efforts mock her fond deſires,
She ſhares thy feelings, not partakes thy fires.

Strange

* Alluding to the riots of London in the year 1780.

† Author of the Tragedy of Oronoko.

Strange pow'r of ſong! the ſtrain that warms the
heart
Seems the ſame inſpiration to impart;
Touch'd by th' extrinſic energy alone,
We think the flame which melts us is our own;
Deceiv'd, for genius we miſtake delight,
Charm'd as we read, we fancy we can write.
Tho' not to me, ſweet Bard, thy pow'rs belong,
The cauſe I plead ſhall ſanctify my ſong.
The Muſe awakes no artificial fire,
For Truth rejects what Fancy wou'd inſpire:
Here Art wou'd weave her gayeſt flow'rs in vain,
The bright invention Nature wou'd diſdain.
For no fictitious ills theſe numbers flow,
But living anguiſh, and ſubſtantial woe;
No individual griefs my boſom melt,
For millions feel what Oronoko felt:
Fir'd by no ſingle wrongs, the countleſs hoſt
I mourn, by rapine dragg'd from Afric's coaſt.
Periſh th' illiberal thought which wou'd
debaſe
The native genius of the ſable race!

Perifh the proud philofophy, which fought
To rob them of the pow'rs of equal thought!
Does then th' immortal principle within
Change with the cafual colour of a fkin?
Does matter govern fpirit? or is mind
Degraded by the form to which 'tis join'd?
No: they have heads to think, and hearts to feel,
And fouls to act, with firm, tho' erring zeal;
For they have keen affections, kind defires,
Love ftrong as death, and active patriot fires;
All the rude energy, the fervid flame,
Of high-foul'd paffion, and ingenuous fhame:
Strong, but luxuriant virtues boldly fhoot
From the wild vigour of a favage root.
Nor weak their fenfe of honour's proud control,
For pride is virtue in a Pagan foul;
A fenfe of worth, a confcience of defert,
A high, unbroken haughtinefs of heart;
That felf-fame ftuff which erft proud empires fway'd,
Of which the conquerors of the world were made.

Capricious fate of men! that very pride
In Afric ſcourg'd, in Rome was deify'd.
No Muſe, O Qua-ſhi *! ſhall thy deeds relate,
No ſtatue ſnatch thee from oblivious fate!
For thou waſt born where never gentle Muſe
On Valour's grave the flow'rs of Genius ſtrews;
And thou waſt born where no recording page
Plucks the fair deed from Time's devouring rage.
Had Fortune plac'd thee on ſome happier coaſt,
Where *poliſh'd* Pagans ſouls heroic boaſt,

To

* It is a point of honour among Negroes of a high ſpirit to die rather than to ſuffer their gloſſy ſkin to bear the mark of the whip. Qua-ſhi had ſomehow offended his maſter, a young planter with whom he had been bred up in the endearing intimacy of a play-fellow. His ſervices had been faithful; his attachment affectionate. The maſter reſolved to puniſh him, and purſued him for that purpoſe. In trying to eſcape Qua-ſhi ſtumbled and fell; the maſter fell upon him: they wreſtled long with doubtful victory; at length Qua-ſhi got uppermoſt, and, being firmly ſeated on his maſter's breaſt, he ſecured his legs with one hand, and with the other drew a ſharp knife; then ſaid, "Maſter, I have been bred up with you from a "child; I have loved you as myſelf; in return, you have con-"demned me to a puniſhment of which I muſt ever have borne "the marks—thus only I can avoid them;" ſo ſaying, he drew the knife with all his ſtrength acroſs his own throat, and fell down dead, without a groan, on his maſter's body.

RAMSAY's *Eſſay on the Treatment of African Slaves.*

To thee, who fought'ſt a voluntary grave,
Th' uninjur'd honours of thy name to ſave,
Whoſe generous arm thy barbarous Maſter ſpar'd,
Altars had ſmok'd, and temples had been rear'd.
Whene'er to Afric's ſhores I turn my eyes,
Horrors of deepeſt, deadlieſt guilt ariſe;
I ſee, by more than Fancy's mirror ſhewn,
The burning village, and the blazing town:
See the dire victim torn from ſocial life,
The ſhrieking babe, the agonizing wife!
She, wretch forlorn! is dragg'd by hoſtile hands,
To diſtant tyrants ſold, in diſtant lands!
Tranſmitted miſeries, and ſucceſſive chains,
The ſole ſad heritage her child obtains!
E'en this laſt wretched boon their foes deny,
To weep together, or together die.
By felon hands, by one relentleſs ſtroke,
See the fond links of feeling Nature broke!
The fibres twiſting round a parent's heart,
Torn from their graſp, and bleeding as they part.
Hold, murderers, hold! nor aggravate diſtreſs;
Reſpect the paſſions you yourſelves poſſeſs;

Ev'n you, of ruffian heart, and ruthlefs hand,
Love your own offspring, love your native land:
Ev'n you, with fond impatient feelings burn,
Tho' free as air, tho' certain of return.
Then, if to you, who voluntary roam,
So dear the memory of your diftant home,
O think how abfence the lov'd fcene endears
To him, whofe food is groans, whofe drink is tears;
Think on the wretch whofe aggravated pains
To exile mifery adds, to mifery chains.
If warm *your* heart, to Britifh feelings true,
As dear his land to him as yours to you;
And Liberty, in you a hallow'd flame,
Burns, unextinguifh'd, in his breaft the fame.
Then leave him holy Freedom's cheering fmile,
The heav'n-taught fondnefs for the parent foil;
Revere affections mingled with our frame,
In every nature, every clime the fame;
In all, thefe feelings equal fway maintain;
In all, the love of HOME and FREEDOM reign:
And Tempe's vale, and parch'd Angola's fand,
One equal fondnefs of their fons command.

Th' unconquer'd Savage laughs at pain and toil,
Bafking in Freedom's beams which gild his native foil.

Does thirft of empire, does defire of fame,
(For thefe are fpecious crimes,) our rage inflame?
No: fordid luft of gold their fate controls,
The bafeft appetite of bafeft fouls;
Gold, better gain'd by what their ripening fky,
Their fertile fields, their arts *, and mines fupply.

What wrongs, what injuries does Oppreffion plead,
To fmooth the crime and fanctify the deed?
What ftrange offence, what aggravated fin?
They ftand convicted—of a darker fkin!
Barbarians, hold! th' opprobrious commerce fpare,
Refpect HIS facred image which they bear.
Tho' dark and favage, ignorant and blind,
They claim the common privilege of kind;
Let Malice ftrip them of each other plea,
They ftill are men, and men fhou'd ftill be free.

Infulted

* Befides many valuable productions of the foil, cloths and carpets of exquifite manufacture are brought from the coaft of Guinea.

Infulted Reafon loaths th' inverted trade—
Loaths, as fhe views the human purchafe made;
The outrag'd Goddefs, with abhorrent eyes,
Sees MAN the traffic, SOULS the merchandize!
Man, whom fair Commerce taught with judging eye,
And liberal hand, to barter or to buy,
Indignant Nature blufhes to behold,
Degraded Man himfelf, truck'd, barter'd, fold:
Of ev'ry native privilege bereft,
Yet curs'd with ev'ry wounded feeling left.
Hard lot! each brutal fuff'ring to fuftain,
Yet keep the fenfe acute of human pain.
Plead not, in reafon's palpable abufe,
Their fenfe of feeling * callous and obtufe:
From heads to hearts lies Nature's plain appeal,
Tho' few can reafon, all mankind can feel.
Tho' wit may boaft a livelier dread of fhame,
A loftier fenfe of wrong refinement claim;

Tho'

* Nothing is more frequent than this cruel and ftupid argument, that they do not *feel* the miferies inflicted on them as Europeans would do.

Tho' poliſh'd manners may freſh wants invent,
And nice diſtinctions nicer ſouls torment;
Tho' theſe on finer ſpirits heavier fall,
Yet natural evils are the ſame to all.
Tho' wounds there are which reaſon's force may heal,
There needs no logic ſure to make us feel.
The nerve, howe'er untutor'd, can ſuſtain
A ſharp, unutterable ſenſe of pain;
As exquiſitely faſhion'd in a ſlave,
As where unequal fate a ſceptre gave.
Senſe is as keen where Gambia's waters glide,
As where proud Tiber rolls his claſſic tide.
Tho' verſe or rhetoric point the feeling line,
They do not whet ſenſation, but define.
Did ever wretch leſs feel the galling chain,
When Zeno prov'd there was no ill in pain?
In vain the ſage to ſmooth its horror tries;
Spartans and Helots ſee with different eyes;
Their miſeries philoſophic quirks deride,
Slaves groan in pangs diſown'd by Stoic pride.

When the fierce Sun darts vertical his beams,
And thirſt and hunger mix their wild extremes;
When the ſharp iron* wounds his inmoſt ſoul,
And his ſtrain'd eyes in burning anguiſh roll;
Will the parch'd Negro own, ere he expire,
No pain in hunger, and no heat in fire?

For him, when agony his frame deſtroys,
What hope of preſent fame or future joys?
For *that* have Heroes ſhorten'd nature's date;
For *this* have Martyrs gladly met their fate;
But him, forlorn, no Hero's pride ſuſtains,
No Martyr's bliſsful viſions ſooth his pains;
Sullen, he mingles with his kindred duſt,
For he has learn'd to dread the Chriſtian's truſt;
To him what mercy can that God diſplay,
Whoſe ſervants murder, and whoſe ſons betray?
Savage! thy venial error I deplore,
They are *not* Chriſtians who infeſt thy ſhore.

O thou.

* This is not ſaid figuratively. The writer of theſe lines has ſeen a complete ſet of chains, fitted to every ſeparate limb of theſe unhappy, innocent men; together with inſtruments for wrenching open the jaws, contrived with ſuch ingenious cruelty as would gratify the tender mercies of an inquiſitor.

O thou ſad ſpirit, whoſe prepoſterous yoke
The great deliverer Death, at length, has broke!
Releas'd from miſery, and eſcap'd from care,
Go, meet that mercy man deny'd thee here.
In thy dark home, ſure refuge of th' oppreſs'd,
The wicked vex not, and the weary reſt.
And, if ſome notions, vague and undefin'd,
Of future terrors have aſſail'd thy mind;
If ſuch thy maſters have preſum'd to teach,
As terrors only they are prone to preach;
(For ſhou'd they paint eternal Mercy's reign,
Where were th' oppreſſor's rod, the captive's chain?)
If, then, thy troubled ſoul has learn'd to dread
The dark unknown thy trembling footſteps tread;
On HIM, who made thee what thou art, depend;
HE, who withholds the means, accepts the end.
Thy mental night thy Saviour will not blame,
He dy'd for thoſe who never heard his name.
Not *thine* the reckoning dire of LIGHT abus'd,
KNOWLEDGE diſgrac'd, and LIBERTY miſus'd;

On

On *thee* no awful judge incens'd ſhall ſit
For parts perverted, and diſhonour'd wit.
Where ignorance will be found the ſafeſt plea,
How many learn'd and wiſe ſhall envy *thee!*

And thou, WHITE SAVAGE! whether luſt of gold
Or luſt of conqueſt rule thee uncontroll'd!
Hero, or robber!—by whatever name
Thou plead thy impious claim to wealth or fame;
Whether inferior miſchiefs be thy boaſt,
A tyrant trader rifling *Congo*'s coaſt:
Or bolder carnage track thy crimſon way,
Kings diſpoſſeſs'd, and provinces thy prey;
Whether thou pant to tame earth's diſtant bound;
All Cortez murder'd, all Columbus found;
O'er plunder'd realms to reign, deteſted Lord,
Make millions wretched, and thyſelf abhorr'd:—
Whether Cartouche in foreſts break the law,
Or bolder Ceſar keep the world in awe;
In Reaſon's eye, in Wiſdom's fair account,
Your ſum of glory boaſts a like amount;

The

The means may differ, but the end's the fame;
Conqueft is pillage with a nobler name.
Who makes the fum of human bleffings lefs,
Or finks the ftock of general happinefs,
Tho' erring fame may grace, tho' falfe renown
His life may blazon or his memory crown;
Yet the laft audit fhall reverfe the caufe;
And God fhall vindicate his broken laws.

Had thofe advent'rous fpirits who explore
Thro' ocean's tracklefs waftes, the far-fought fhore;
Whether of wealth infatiate, or of pow'r,
Conquerors who wafte, or ruffians who devour:
Had thefe poffefs'd, O Cook! thy gentle mind,
Thy love of arts, thy love of human kind;
Had thefe purfued thy mild and liberal plan,
Discoverers had not been a curfe to man!
Then, blefs'd Philanthropy! thy focial hands
Had link'd diffever'd worlds in brothers' bands;
Carelefs, if colour, or if clime divide;
Then, lov'd and loving, man had liv'd, and died.

Then

Then with pernicious ſkill we had not known
To bring their vices back and leave our own.
The pureſt wreaths which hang on glory's ſhrine,
For empires founded, peaceful PENN! are thine;
No blood-ſtain'd laurels crown'd thy virtuous toil,
No ſlaughter'd natives drench'd thy fair-earn'd ſoil.
Still thy meek ſpirit in thy flock * ſurvives,
Conſiſtent ſtill, *their* doctrines rule their lives;
Thy followers only have effac'd the ſhame
Inſcrib'd by SLAVERY on the Chriſtian name.
Shall Britain, where the ſoul of Freedom reigns,
Forge chains for others ſhe herſelf diſdains?
Forbid it, Heaven! O let the nations know
The liberty ſhe loves ſhe will beſtow;
Not to herſelf the glorious gift confin'd,
She ſpreads the bleſſing wide as human kind;
And, ſcorning narrow views of time and place,
Bids all be free in earth's extended ſpace.

What

* The Quakers have emancipated all their ſlaves throughout America.

What page of human annals can record
A deed fo bright as human rights reftor'd?
O may that god-like deed, that fhining page,
Redeem OUR fame, and confecrate OUR age!
And let this glory mark our favour'd fhore,
To curb FALSE FREEDOM and the TRUE reftore!

And fee, the cherub Mercy from above,
Defcending foftly, quits the fphere of love!
On Britain's Ifle fhe fheds her heavenly dew;
And breathes her fpirit o'er th' enlighten'd few,
From foul to foul the fpreading influence fteals,
Till every breaft the foft contagion feels.
She fpeeds, exulting, to the burning fhore,
With the beft meffage Angel ever bore;
Hark! 'tis the note which fpoke a Saviour's birth!
Glory to God on high, and peace on Earth!
She vindicates the pow'r in Heaven ador'd,
She ftills the clank of chains, and fheathes the
fword;
She cheers the mourner, and with foothing hands
From burfting hearts unbinds th' Oppreffor's
bands;

Reſtores the luſtre of the Chriſtian name,
And clears the fouleſt blot that dimm'd its fame.
As the mild Spirit hovers o'er the coaſt,
A freſher hue their wither'd landſcapes boaſt;
Her healing ſmiles the ruin'd ſcenes repair,
And blaſted Nature wears a joyous air;
While ſhe proclaims thro' all their ſpicy groves,
"Henceforth your fruits, your labours, and your
"loves,
"All that your Sires poſſeſs'd, or you have
"ſown,
"Sacred from plunder—all is now YOUR OWN."
And now, her high commiſſion from above,
Stamp'd with the holy characters of love,
The meek-ey'd ſpirit waving in her hand,
Breathes manumiſſion o'er the reſcu'd land;
She tears the banner ſtain'd with blood and tears,
And, LIBERTY! thy ſhining ſtandard rears!
As the bright enſign's glory ſhe diſplays,
See pale OPPRESSION faints beneath the blaze!
The giant dies! no more his frown appals,
The chain, untouch'd, drops off; the fetter falls.

Aſtoniſh'd echo tells the vocal ſhore,
Oppreſſion's fall'n, and Slavery is no more!
The duſky myriads crowd the ſultry plain,
And hail that MERCY long invok'd in vain.
Victorious Pow'r! ſhe burſts their two-fold bands,
And FAITH and FREEDOM ſpring from Britain's hands.

And THOU! great ſource of Nature and of Grace,
Who of one blood didſt form the human race;
Look down in mercy in thy choſen time,
With equal eye on Afric's ſuff'ring clime:
Diſperſe her ſhades of intellectual night,
Repeat thy high beheſt—LET THERE BE LIGHT!
Bring each benighted ſoul, great GOD, to Thee,
And with thy wide Salvation make them free!

DAN AND JANE:

OR,

FAITH AND WORKS.

A TALE.

GOOD Dan and Jane were man and wife,
And liv'd a loving kind of life;
One point, however, they difputed,
And each by turns his mate confuted.
'Twas Faith and Works—this knotty queftion
They found not eafy of digeftion.
While Dan for Faith alone contended,
Jane equally Good Works defended.
" They are not Chriftians fure, but Turks,
" Who build on Faith and fcoff at Works."
Quoth Jane—While eager Dan reply'd,
" By none but heathens Faith's deny'd.

" I'll

"I'll tell you, wife," at length quoth Dan,
"A ſtory of a right good man.
"A patriarch ſage, of ancient days,
"A man of Faith, whom all muſt praiſe.
"In his own country he poſſeſs'd,
"Whate'er can make a wiſe man bleſt;
"His was the flock, the field, the ſpring,
"In ſhort, a little rural king.
"Yet, pleas'd, he quits this native land,
"By Faith in the Divine command.
"God bade him go; and he, content,
"Went forth, not knowing where he went.
"He truſted in the promiſe made,
"And, undiſputing, ſtrait obey'd.
"The Heavenly word he did not doubt,
"But prov'd his Faith by going out."
Jane anſwer'd, with ſome little pride—
"I've an example on my ſide;
"And tho' my tale be ſomewhat longer,
"I truſt you'll find it vaſtly ſtronger.
"I'll tell you Daniel, of a man,
"The holieſt ſince the world began:

"Who

"Who now God's favour is receiving,
"For prompt *obeying*, not *believing*.
"One only ſon this man poſſeſt,
"In whom his righteous age was bleſt;
"And more to mark the grace of Heaven,
"This ſon by miracle was given.
"And from this child the word Divine
"Had promis'd an illuſtrious line.
"When lo! at once a voice he hears,
"Which ſounds like thunder in his ears.
"God ſays—Go ſacrifice thy ſon!
"—This moment, Lord, it ſhall be done.
"He goes, and inſtantly prepares,
"To ſlay this child of many prayers.
"Now here you ſee the grand expedience,
"Of *Works*, of actual ſound *Obedience*.
"This was not *Faith*, but *act* and deed,
"The Lord commands—the child ſhall bleed.
"Thus Abraham *acted*," Jenny cried;
"Thus Abraham *truſted*," Dan replied.
"Abraham," quoth Jane, "why that's my man,
"No, Abraham's him I mean," ſays Dan.

"He ſtands a monument of *Faith*;"—
"No, 'tis for *Works* the Scripture faith.
"'Tis for his faith that I defend him:"
"'Tis for obedience I commend him."
Thus he—thus ſhe—both warmly feel,
And loſe their temper in their zeal;
Too quick each other's choice to blame,
They did not ſee each meant the ſame.
"At length, good wife," ſaid honeſt Dan,
"We're talking of the ſelf-ſame man.
"The works you praiſe I own indeed,
"Grow from that faith for which I plead;
"And Abraham, whom for faith I quote,
"For works deſerves eſpecial note:
"'Tis not enough of faith to *talk*,
"A man of God with God muſt walk:
"Our doctrines are at laſt the ſame,
"They only differ in the name.
"The faith I fight for, is the root;
"The works you value, are the fruit.
"How ſhall you know my creed's ſincere,
"Unleſs in works my faith appear?

"How

" How ſhall I know a tree's alive,
" Unleſs I ſee it bear and thrive?
" Your works not growing on my root,
" Wou'd prove they were not genuine fruit.
" If faith produce no works, I ſee,
" That faith is not a living tree.
" Thus faith and works together grow,
" No ſeparate life they e'er can know:
" They 're ſoul and body, hand and heart,
" What God hath join'd, let no man part."

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

Miss SALLY HORNE,

(AGED THREE YEARS,)

Youngeſt Daughter of Dr. HORNE, late Biſhop of Norwich.

Written on the blank Leaves of "MOTHER BUNCH'S TALES;" *and ſhewing the ſuperiority of theſe Hiſtories to moſt others.*

To thee fair creature, SALLY HORNE,
And ſure a fairer ne'er was born;
A grave Biographer I ſend,
By NEWBERRY in the church-yard penn'd;
(Or if to truth my phraſe I ſtinted,
By NEWBERRY in the church-yard printed;)
Hight Mother Bunch—a worthier ſage,
Ne'er fill'd, I ween, th' hiſtoric page;
For ſhe, of Kings and Queens can prate,
As faſt as patriotic KATE*;

Nor

* See Mrs. MACAULAY's Hiſtory of England.

Nor vents like her, her idle ſpleen,
Merely becauſe *'tis* King or Queen.
KATE, who each ſubject makes a ſlave,
Wou'd make each Potentate a Knave;
Tho' Britons can the converſe prove,
A King who reigns and rules by love.
While Mother Bunch's honeſt ſtory,
Unaw'd by WHIG, unwarp'd by TORY;
Paints Sovereigns with impartial pen,
Some good, ſome bad, like other men.

Oh, there are few ſuch books as theſe,
Which only mean to teach or pleaſe;
Read Mother Bunch, then, charming SALLY,
Her writings, with your taſte, will tally.
No pride of learning ſhe diſplays,
Nor reads one word an hundred ways;
To pleaſe the young ſhe lays before 'em
A ſimple tale, *ſans variorum:*
With notes and margins unperplext,
And comments which confuſe the text.
No double ſenſes interfere
To puzzle what before was clear.

Here

Here no miſtaken dates deceive ye,
Which oft occur from HUME to LIVY.
Her dates, more ſafe and more ſublime,
Seize the broad phraſe—" *Once on a time.*"
Then Mother Bunch is no miſleader
In citing Authors who precede her;
Unlike our modern wits of note,
Who, purpoſely, and oft miſquote;
Who injure Hiſtory, or intend it,
As much as KENNICOTT to mend it;
And ſeek no leſs the truth to mangle
Then he to clear and diſentangle.
Theſe ſhort digreſſions we apply
Our Author's fame to magnify;
She ſeeks not to bewilder youth,
But all is true ſhe gives for truth:
And, till to analyze you 're able,
Fable is ſafe while given as fable;
As mere invention you receive it,
You know 'tis falſe, and diſbelieve it;
While that bad chemiſtry which brings
And mixes up incongruous things,

With

With genuine fact invention blending,
As if true hiſtory wanted mending;
Or flav'ring, to miſlead our youth,
Mere fable with a daſh of truth;
In all theſe heterogeneous tales
The injudicious project fails;
Of *truth* you do not get your meaſure,
And of pure *fiction* loſe the pleaſure.
But Mother Bunch rejects ſuch arts,
A ſounder taſte her work imparts.

Then if for proſperous turns you look,
There's no ſuch other hiſtory book.
Old Authors ſhew, nor do I wrong 'em,
How tyrants ſhar'd the world among 'em;
And all we learn of antient times
Are human woes and human crimes.
They tell us nought but diſmal tales,
How Virtue ſinks, and Vice prevails;
And all their labours but declare
The miſeries of the good and fair:
How one brave captive in a quarrel
Was tumbled down hill in a barrel!

In

In fiery flames how ſome did fry,
Only becauſe they dar'd not lie!
How female victims meet their doom,
At Aulis one, and more at Rome!
How Eaſe the Hero's laurels ſtain'd,
How CAPUA loſt what CANNÆ gain'd!
How *he*, whom long ſucceſs attends,
Is kill'd at home among his friends!
How ATHENS, him who ſerv'd ſo well,
Rewarded with an oyſter ſhell!
How NERO ſtabb'd a mother's breaſt!
Ah, barbarous CLIO, ſpare the reſt;
Conceal theſe horrors, if thou'rt able,
If theſe be truth, Oh give me fable!
Till real deeds are fit to mention,
Regale my feelings with invention.
  But Mother Bunch's morals tell
How bleſt all were who acted well!
How the good little girl's regarded,
And boy who learns his book rewarded!
How loſs of favor follows rudeneſs,
While ſugar plumbs repay all goodneſs!

How

How ſhe who learns to read or write,
Will get a coach or chariot by 't;
And not a faggot-maker's daughter
But has it at her Chriſtening taught her,
By ſome invited fairy gueſt,
That ſhe ſhall wed a Prince at leaſt;
And thro' the whole this truth's purſu'd,
That to be happy 's to be good.
If theſe to life be contradictions,
Mark the morality of fictions;
Axioms more popular they teach,
That to be good is to be rich!
For all the Miſſes marry Kings,
And diamonds are but common things;
While dames in hiſtory hardly get 'em,
Our Heroines ope their mouths and ſpit 'em.
Oh, this is profitable learning,
Paſt cold Hiſtorians' dull diſcerning;
Who, while their annals they impart,
Expoſe, but ſeldom mend the heart.
I grant, they teach to know mankind,
To learn we're wretched, weak, and blind:

But

But till the heart from vice is clear,
Who wants to know what paſſes there?
Till Hercules to cleanſe was able,
No doubt they *ſhut* th' Augean ſtable.
 Here too in high emphatic tone
The power of female worth is ſhewn;
Ev'n enterpriſing Joan of Arc
Falls ſhort of true heroic mark;
THALESTRIS was a mere home-keeper,
And ſwift CAMILLA but a creeper.
Here deeds of valour are as common
As ſong or dance to real woman;
And meekeſt damſels find it facile
To ſtorm a Giant's moated caſtle;
Where draw-bridges do open fly
If Virgin foot approaches nigh;
And brazen-gates with twenty locks,
At which an army vainly knocks,
Fly ope, nor on their hinges linger,
At touch of Virgin's little finger.
 Then ſlow attacks, and tireſome ſieges,
Which hiſtory makes the work of ages,

Are here, by means of fairy power,
Atchiev'd with eafe in half an hour.
Tactics! *they* prove, there's nothing in it,
Who conquer kingdoms in a minute:
They never hear of ten years jars,
(For Troy's the average length of wars.)
And diplomatic form and rule
Might learn from Mother Bunch's fchool,
How rapidly are State intrigues
Convey'd with boots of feven long leagues.
Here farther too, our great Commanders,
Who conquer'd France, and refcued Flanders,
From Mother Bunch's Tales might hear
Some fecrets worth a General's ear;
How armies need not ftop to bait,
And heroes never drink or eat;
Wrapt in fublimer occupation
They fcorn fuch vulgar renovation.
Your Britifh Generals cannnot keep
Themfelves or followers half fo cheap;
For men and horfes, out of books,
Call, one for corn, and one for cooks;

And

And dull hiftoric nags muft ftay
For provender of oats and hay:
While *thefe* bold Heroes wing their flight
Thro' twenty kingdoms in a night;
Of filvery dew they fnatch a cup,
Or on a flice of moon-fhine fup;
And while they fly to meet their Queen,
With half the convex world between,
Their milk-white palfreys, fcorning grafs,
Juft crop a rofe leaf as they pafs.

Then Mother Bunch's morals ftrike,
By praifing friend and foe alike.
What virtue to the world is loft,
Becaufe on thy ill fated coaft,
O CARTHAGE! fung alone by foes,
The fun of hiftory never rofe!
Fertile in heroes, didft thou own
The mufe that makes thofe heroes known;
Then had the bright reverfe appear'd,
And Carthaginian truth been clear'd:
On Punic faith, fo long revil'd,
The wily African had fmil'd;

And, poſſibly, not much had err'd,
If we of *Roman* fraud had heard.
  Then leave your ROBERTSONS and BRYANTS
For JOHN THE MURDERER OF GIANTS;
Since all mythology prophane
Is quite as doubtful, quite as vain.
Tho' BRYANT, learned friend of youth,
His fable conſecrates to truth:
And ROBERTSON with juſt applauſe
His finiſh'd portraits fairly draws.
Yet hiſtory, great RALEIGH knew,
And knowing, griev'd, may not be true;
For how the facts are we to know
Which paſs'd a thouſand years ago;
When he no juſt account could get
Of quarrel in th' adjacent ſtreet;
Tho' from his chair the noiſe he heard,
The tale of each relator err'd.
  But if the fact's recorded right,
The motive ſeldom comes in ſight;
Hence, while the faireſt deeds we blame,
We often crown the worſt with fame.

Then read, if genuine truth you'd glean,
Thofe who were actors in the fcene;
Hear, with delight, the modeft Greek,
Of his renown'd *ten thoufand* fpeak;
His commentaries * read again
Who led the troops and held the pen;
The way to conqueft beft he fhew'd
Who trod ere he prefcrib'd the road.
Read *him*, for lofty periods fam'd,
Who CHARLES's age adorn'd and fham'd:
Read CLARENDON, unaw'd, unbrib'd,
Who rul'd th' events his pen defcrib'd;
Who law and courts, and fenates knew,
And faw the fources whence he drew.
Yet, lovely SALLY, be not frighten'd,
Nor dread to have thy mind enlighten'd;
Admire with me the fair alliance
Which mirth, at Maudlin †, makes with fcience;
How humour may with learning dwell,
Go afk Papa—for he can tell.

MARGERY TWO SHOES.

* CÆSAR.

† Dr. HORNE was at this time Prefident of Magdalen College, Oxford, where this little Poem was written.

SENSIBILITY:

AN EPISTLE

TO

THE HONOURABLE MRS. BOSCAWEN.

ACCEPT, BOSCAWEN! theſe unpoliſh'd lays,
Nor blame too much the verſe you cannot praiſe.
For you, far other bards have wak'd the ſtring,
Far other bards for you were wont to ſing;
Yet on the gale their parting muſic ſteals,
Yet your charm'd ear the lov'd impreſſion feels:
You heard the lyres of LITTELTON and YOUNG,
And this a Grace, and that a Seraph ſtrung.
Theſe are no more! but not with theſe decline
The Attic chaſteneſs or the vig'rous line.

Still, *ſad Elfrida's Poet** ſhall complain,
Still, either WARTON breathe his claſſic ſtrain:
While, for the wonders of the Gothic page,
OTRANTO's fame ſhall vindicate the age.
Nor tremble leſt the tuneful art expire,
While BEATTIE ſtrikes anew old SPENSER's lyre;
He, beſt to paint the genuine minſtrel knew,
Who, from himſelf, the living portrait drew.
  Tho' Latian bards had gloried in his name,
When in full brightneſs burnt the Latian flame;
Yet fir'd with loftier hopes than tranſient bays,
See LOWTH † deſpiſe the meed of mortal praiſe;
Spurn the cheap wreath by human ſcience won,
Borne on the wing ſublime of AMOS' ſon!
He ſeiz'd the mantle as the Prophet flew,
And with his mantle caught his ſpirit too.
  To ſnatch bright beauty from devouring fate,
And lengthen nature's tranſitory date;
At once the Critic's and the Painter's art,
With FRESNOY's ſkill, and GUIDO's grace impart;

To

* MILTON calls EURIPIDES *Sad Electra's Poet.*
† Then Biſhop of London.

To ſorm with code correct the graphic ſchool,
And lawleſs fancy curb by ſober rule;
To ſhew how genius fires, how taſte reſtrains,
While, what both are, his pencil beſt explains,
Have we not REYNOLDS *? lives not JENYNS yet,
To prove his loweſt title was a wit †?

Tho' purer flames thy hallow'd zeal inſpire
Than e'er were kindled at the Muſe's fire;
Thee, mitred CHESTER‡! all the nine ſhall boaſt;
And is not JOHNSON ours? himſelf an hoſt!

Yes, ſtill for you your gentle ſtars diſpenſe
The charm of friendſhip and the feaſt of ſenſe:
Yours is the bliſs, and Heav'n no dearer ſends,
To call the wiſeſt, brighteſt, beſt, your friends.

And

* See Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS's very able notes to DU FRESNOY's Poem on the Art of Painting, tranſlated by Mr. MASON.—Alſo, his ſeries of *Diſcourſes to the Academy*, which, tho' written profeſſedly on the ſubject of painting, contain the principles of general art, and are delivered with ſo much perſpicuous good ſenſe, as to be admirably calculated to aſſiſt in forming the taſte of the general reader.

† Mr. SOAME JENYNS had juſt publiſhed his work *On the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion.*

‡ Now Biſhop of London.—See his admirable Poem on Death.

And while to these I raise the votive line,
O let me grateful own these friends are mine;
With CARTER trace the wit to Athens known,
Or view in MONTAGU that wit our own:
Or mark, well pleas'd, CHAPONE's instructive page,
Intent to raise the morals of the age:
Or boast, in WALSINGHAM, the various power
To cheer the lonely, grace the letter'd hour;
DELANY too is ours, serenely bright,
Wisdom's strong ray, and virtue's milder light:
And she who bless'd the friend, and grac'd the lays
Of poignant SWIFT, still gilds our social days;
Long, long, protract thy light, O star benign!
Whose setting beams with milder lustre shine.

Nor, BARBAULD, shall my glowing heart refuse
Its tribute to thy virtues, or thy Muse;
This humble merit shall at least be mine,
The Poet's chaplet for thy brow to twine;
My verse thy talents to the world shall teach,
And praise the genius it despairs to reach.

Yet

Yet what is wit, and what the Poet's art?
Can genius ſhield the vulnerable heart?
Ah no! where bright imagination reigns,
The fine wrought ſpirit feels acuter pains;
Where glow exalted ſenſe and taſte refin'd,
There keener anguiſh rankles in the mind;
There, feeling is diffus'd thro' ev'ry part,
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart;
And thoſe whoſe gen'rous ſouls each tear wou'd keep
From others' eyes, are born themſelves to weep.
Can all the boaſted pow'rs of wit and ſong,
Of life one pang remove, one hour prolong?
Fallacious hope! which daily truths deride;
For you, alas! have wept, and GARRICK dy'd!
O ſhades of Hampton! witneſs, as I mourn,
Cou'd wit or ſong elude your fav'rite's urn?
Tho' living virtue ſtill your haunts endears,
Yet buried worth ſhall juſtify my tears.
Who now with ſpirit keen, yet judgment cool,
The errors of my orphan muſe ſhall rule?

With

With keen acumen how his piercing eye
The fault conceal'd from vulgar view wou'd ſpy!
While with a generous warmth he ſtrove to hide,
Nay vindicate the fault his taſte had ſpy'd.
So pleas'd cou'd he detect a happy line
That he wou'd fancy merit ev'n in mine.
His wit ſo pointed it ne'er miſs'd its end,
And ſo well temper'd it ne'er loſt a friend;
How his keen eye, quick mind, and ardent heart,
Impov'riſh'd nature, and exhauſted art,
A *muſe of fire* has ſung *, if muſe cou'd trace,
Or verſe retrieve the evaneſcent grace!
How rival bards with rival ſtateſmen ſtrove,
Who moſt ſhou'd gain his praiſe or win his love!
Oppoſing parties to one point he drew,
Thus TULLY's Atticus was CESAR's too.
Tho' time his mellowing hand acroſs has ſtole,
Soft'ning the tints of ſorrow on the ſoul;
The

* See Mr. SHERIDAN's beautiful Monody.

The deep impreſſion long my heart ſhall fill,
And ev'ry fainter trace be perfect ſtill.
Forgive, my friend, if wounded memory melt,
You beſt can pardon who have deepeſt felt.
You, who for Britain's Hero * and your own,
The deadlieſt pang which rends the ſoul have known;
You, who have found how much the feeling heart
Shapes its own wound, and points itſelf the dart;
You, who are call'd the varied loſs to mourn;
You, who have claſp'd a ſon's untimely urn;
You, who from frequent fond experience feel
The wounds ſuch minds receive can never heal;
That grief a thouſand entrances can find,
Where parts ſuperior dignify the mind;
Yet wou'd you change that ſenſe acute to gain
A dear bought abſence from the poignant pain;
Commuting ev'ry grief thoſe feelings give
In loveleſs, joyleſs apathy to live?

For

* Admiral BOSCAWEN.

For tho' in ſouls where energies abound,
Pain thro' its numerous avenues can wound;
Yet the ſame avenues are open ſtill,
To caſual bleſſings as to caſual ill.
Nor is the trembling temper more awake
To every wound calamity can make,
Than is the finely faſhion'd nerve alive
To ev'ry tranſport pleaſure has to give.
Let not the vulgar read this penſive ſtrain,
Their jeſts the tender anguiſh wou'd prophane.
Yet theſe ſome deem the happieſt of their kind,
Whoſe low enjoyments never reach'd the mind;
Who ne'er a pain but for themſelves have known,
Who ne'er have felt a ſorrow but their own:
Who deem romantic ev'ry finer thought
Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendſhip wrought;
Whoſe inſulated ſouls ne'er feel the pow'r
Of gen'rous ſympathy's extatic hour;
Whoſe diſconnected hearts ne'er taſte the bliſs
Extracted from another's happineſs;
Who ne'er the high heroic duty know,
For public good the private to forego.

Then

Then wherefore happy? Where 's the kindred mind?
Where the large foul which takes in human kind?
Yes—tis the untold forrow to explain,
To mitigate the but fufpected pain;
The rule of holy fympathy to keep,
Joy for the joyful, tears for them that weep:
To thefe the virtuous half their pleafures owe,
Pleafures, the felfifh are not born to know;
They never know, in all their coarfer blifs,
The facred rapture of a pain like this.
Then take ye happy vulgar, take your part
Of fordid joy which never touch'd the heart.
Benevolence, which feldom ftays to chufe,
Left paufing prudence tempt her to refufe;
Friendfhip, which once determin'd, never fwerves,
Weighs ere it trufts, but weighs not ere it ferves;
And foft ey'd pity, and forgivenefs bland,
And melting *charity with open hand*;

And artlefs love, believing and believ'd,
And honeft confidence which ne'er deceiv'd;
And mercy, ftretching out ere want can fpeak,
To wipe the tear which ftains affliction's cheek;
Thefe ye have never known—then take your part
Of fordid joy which never touch'd the heart.
You who have melted in bright glory's flame,
Or felt the grateful breath of well-earn'd fame;
Or you, the chofen agents from above,
Whofe bounty vindicates Almighty love;
You, who fubdue the vain defire of fhow,
Not to accumulate but to beftow;
You, who the dreary haunts of forrow feek,
Raife the funk heart, and flufh the fading cheek;
You, who divide the joys and fhare the pains,
When merit triumphs, or opprefs'd complains;
You, who with penfive Petrarch, love to mourn,
Or weave the garland for Tibullus' urn;
You, whofe touch'd hearts with real forrows fwell,
Or feel, when genius paints thofe forrows well,
Wou'd

Wou'd you renounce ſuch energies as theſe
For vulgar pleaſures or for ſelfiſh eaſe?
Wou'd you, to 'ſcape the pain, the joy forego,
And miſs the tranſport to avoid the woe?
Wou'd you the ſenſe of actual pity loſe,
Or ceaſe to ſhare the mournings of the muſe?
No, GREVILLE *, no! Thy ſong, tho' ſteep'd in tears,
Tho' all thy ſoul in all thy ſtrain appears;
Yet woud'ſt thou all thy well ſung anguiſh chuſe,
And all th' inglorious peace thou begg'ſt, refuſe.
  And while Diſcretion all our views ſhou'd guide,
Beware, leſt ſecret aims and ends ſhe hide;
Tho' midſt the crowd of virtues, 'tis her part,
Like a firm centinel—to guard the heart;
Beware, leſt Prudence ſelf become unjuſt,
Who never was deceiv'd, I wou'd not truſt;
Prudence muſt never be ſuſpicion's ſlave,
The world's wiſe man is more than half a knave.

And

* See her beautiful Ode to Indifference.

And you, Boscawen, while you fondly melt,
In raptures none but mothers ever felt;
And as you view, prophetic, in your race,
All Levison's ſweetneſs, and all Beaufort's grace;
Yet dread what dangers each lov'd child may ſhare,
The youth, if valiant, or the maid, if fair;
You who have felt, ſo frail is mortal joy!
That, while we clasp the phantom, we deſtroy;
That perils multiply as bleſſings flow,
That ſorrows grafted on enjoyments grow;
That clouds impending dim our brighteſt views,
That who have moſt to love have moſt to loſe;
Yet from theſe fair poſſeſſions wou'd you part,
To ſhelter from contingent ills your heart?
Wou'd you forego the objects of your prayer
To ſave the dangers of a diſtant care?
Renounce the brightneſs op'ning to your view
For all the ſafety dullneſs ever knew?
Wou'd you conſent, to ſhun the fears you prove,
That they ſhou'd merit leſs, or you leſs love?

Ye

Yet while we claim the Sympathy divine,
Which makes, O man, the woes of others thine;
While her fair triumphs ſwell the modiſh page,
She drives the ſterner virtues from the ſtage:
While FEELING boaſts her ever tearful eye,
Fair Truth, firm Faith, and manly juſtice fly:
Juſtice, prime good! from whoſe prolific law,
All worth, all virtue, their ſtrong eſſence draw;
Juſtice, a grace quite obſolete we hold,
The feign'd Aſtrea of an age of gold:
The ſterling attribute we ſcarcely own,
While ſpurious Candour fills the vacant throne.

Sweet SENSIBILITY! Thou ſecret pow'r
Who ſhed'ſt thy gifts upon the natal hour,
Like fairy favours; art can never ſeize,
Nor affectation catch thy pow'r to pleaſe:
Thy ſubtile eſſence ſtill eludes the chains
Of definition, and defeats her pains.

Sweet SENSIBILITY! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! ſudden ſenſe of right!
Perception exquiſite! fair virtue's ſeed!
Thou quick precurſor of the lib'ral deed!

Thou hafty confcience! reafon's blufhing morn!
Inftinctive kindnefs e'er reflexion's born!
Prompt fenfe of equity! to thee belongs
The fwift redrefs of unexamin'd wrongs!
Eager to ferve, the caufe perhaps untried,
But always apt to chufe the fuff'ring fide!
To thofe who know thee not no words can paint,
And thofe who know thee, know all words are faint!

She does not feel thy pow'r who boafts thy flame,
And rounds her every period with thy name;
Nor fhe who vents her difproportion'd fighs
With pining *Lefbia* when her fparrow dies:
Nor fhe who melts when haplefs *Shore* expires,
While real mis'ry unreliev'd retires!
Who thinks feign'd forrows all her tears deferve,
And weeps o'er WERTER while her children ftarve.

As words are but th' external marks to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell;

And only are of things the outward ſign,
And not the things themſelves they but define;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery FEELING wears;
Theſe are her garb, not her, they but expreſs
Her form, her ſemblance, her appropriate dreſs;
And theſe fair marks, reluctant I relate,
Theſe lovely ſymbols may be counterfeit.
There are, who fill with brilliant plaints the page,
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage;
There are, who for a dying fawn deplore,
As if friend, parent, country, were no more;
Who boaſt quick rapture trembling in their eye,
If from the ſpider's ſnare they ſnatch a fly;
There are, whoſe well ſung plaints each breaſt inflame,
And break all hearts—but his from whom they came!
He, ſcorning life's low duties to attend,
Writes odes on friendſhip, while he cheats his friend.

Of jails and puniſhments he grieves to hear,
And penſions 'priſon'd virtue with a tear;
While unpaid bills his creditor preſents,
And ruin'd innocence his crime laments.
Not ſo the tender moraliſt of Tweed,
His gen'rous *man of feeling* feels indeed.

O LOVE DIVINE! ſole ſource of Charity!
More dear one genuine deed perform'd for thee,
Than all the periods FEELING e'er cou'd turn,
Than all thy touching page, perverted STERNE!
Not that by deeds alone this love's expreſs'd,
If ſo the affluent only were the bleſs'd;
One ſilent wiſh, one pray'r, one ſoothing word,
The page of mercy ſhall, well pleas'd, record;
One ſoul-felt ſigh by pow'rleſs pity given,
Accepted incenſe! ſhall aſcend to heav'n!

Since trifles make the ſum of human things,
And half our miſery from our foibles ſprings;
Since life's beſt joys conſiſt in peace and eaſe,
And tho' but few can ſerve, yet all may pleaſe;
O let th' ungentle ſpirit learn from hence,
A ſmall unkindneſs is a great offence.

To

To ſpread large bounties, tho' we wiſh in vain,
Yet all may ſhun the guilt of giving pain:
To bleſs mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet lib'ral ſtill,
Heav'n gives its counterpoiſe to ev'ry ill;
Nor let us murmur at our ſtinted pow'rs,
When kindneſs, love, and concord, may be ours.
The gift of miniſtring to other's eaſe,
To all her ſons impartial ſhe decrees;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word ſuppreſs'd, the taunting thought;
Subduing and ſubdu'd, the petty ſtrife,
Which clouds the colour of domeſtic life;
The ſober comfort, all the peace which ſprings,
From the large aggregate of little things;
On theſe ſmall cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almoſt ſacred joys of *Home* depend:

There, SENSIBILITY, thou beſt may'ſt reign,
HOME is thy true legitimate domain.
A ſolitary bliſs thou ne'er could'ſt find,
Thy joys with thoſe thou lov'ſt are intertwin'd;
And he whoſe helpful tenderneſs removes
The rankling thorn which wounds the breaſt he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But clears th' obſtruction which impedes his own.
The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious ſatire, or implied diſlike;
The ſneer equivocal, the harſh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whoſe venom'd dart,
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it ſtabs the heart;
The guarded phraſe, whoſe meaning kills, yet told
The liſt'ner wonders, how you thought it cold;
Small ſlights, neglect, unmix'd perhaps with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight.
Theſe,

Thefe, and a thoufand griefs minute as thefe,
Corrode our comfort and deftroy our eafe.
As FEELING tends to good or leans to ill,
It gives frefh force to vice or principle;
'Tis not a gift peculiar to the good,
'Tis often but the virtue of the blood:
And what wou'd feem compaffion's moral flow,
Is but a circulation fwift or flow:
But to divert it to its proper courfe,
There wifdom's pow'r appears, there reafon's force:
If ill-directed it purfue the wrong,
It adds new ftrength to what before was ftrong;
Breaks out in wild irregular defires,
Diforder'd paffions, and illicit fires;
Without, deforms the man, depraves within,
And makes the work of GOD the flave of fin.
But if RELIGION's bias rule the foul,
Then SENSIBILITY exalts the whole;
Sheds its fweet funfhine on the moral part,
Nor waftes on fancy what fhou'd warm the heart.

Cold and inert the mental pow'rs wou'd lie,
Without this quick'ning ſpark of deity.
To melt the rich materials from the mine,
To bid the maſs of intellect refine,
To bend the firm, to animate the cold,
And heav'n's own image ſtamp on nature's gold;
To give immortal MIND its fineſt tone,
Oh, SENSIBILITY! is all thy own.
This is th' ethereal flame which lights and warms,
In ſong enchants us, and in action charms.
'Tis this that makes the penſive ſtrains of GRAY *
Win to the open heart their eaſy way;
Makes the touch'd ſpirit glow with kindred fire,
When ſweet Serena's Poet wakes the lyre:
Makes PORTLAND's face its brighteſt rapture wear,
When her large bounty ſmooths the bed of care:
'Tis this that breathes thro' SEVIGNE's fair page,
That nameleſs grace which ſoothes a ſecond age;
'Tis this, whoſe charms the ſoul reſiſtleſs ſeize,
And gives BOSCAWEN half her pow'r to pleaſe.

Yet.

* This is meant of the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, of which exquiſite Poem *Senſibility* is perhaps the characteriſtic beauty.

Yet why thoſe terrors? Why that anxious
care?
Since your laſt hope* the deathful war *will* dare?
Why dread that energy of ſoul which leads
To dang'rous glory by heroic deeds?
Why mourn to view his ardent ſoul aſpire?
You fear the ſon becauſe you knew the ſire.
Hereditary valour you deplore,
And dread, yet wiſh to find one hero more.

* Viſcount FALMOUTH, Admiral BOSCAWEN's only remaining ſon was then in America, and at the battle of Lexington.

Sir ELDRED of the BOWER:

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Of them who, wrapt in earth ſo cold,
No more the ſmiling day ſhall view,
Shou'd many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

Langhorne.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

PART I.

O noſtra Vita, ch'e ſi bella in viſta!
Com' perde agevolmente in un momento,
Quel, ch'en molt' anni a grand pena s'acquiſta!
PETRARCA.

THERE was a young and valiant Knight,
SIR ELDRED was his name,
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where gliding *Tay*, her ſtream ſends forth,
To feed the neighbouring wood,
The antient glory of the North,
Sir ELDRED's caſtle ſtood.

The

The Knight was rich as Knight might be
In patrimonial wealth;
And rich in nature's gifts was he,
In youth, and ſtrength, and health.

He did not think, as ſome have thought,
Whom honour never crown'd,
The fame a father dearly bought,
Cou'd make the ſon renown'd.

He better thought, a noble ſire,
Who gallant deeds had done,
To deeds of hardihood ſhou'd fire
A brave and gallant ſon.

The faireſt anceſtry on earth
Without deſert is poor;
And ev'ry deed of former worth
Is but a claim for more.

Sir ELDRED's heart was ever kind,
Alive to Pity's call;
A crowd of virtues grac'd his mind,
He lov'd, and felt for all.

When merit raiſed the ſufferer's name,
He ſhow'r'd his bounty then;
And thoſe who cou'd not prove that claim,
He ſuccour'd ſtill as men.

But ſacred truth the Muſe compels
His errors to impart;
And yet the Muſe reluctant tells
The fault of ELDRED's heart.

Tho' mild and ſoft as infant love
His fond affections melt;
Tho' all that kindeſt ſpirits prove
Sir ELDRED keenly felt:

Yet if the paſſions ſtorm'd his ſoul,
By jealouſy led on;
The fierce reſentment ſcorn'd control,
And bore his virtues down.

Not Thule's waves ſo wildly break
To drown the northern ſhore;
Not Etna's entrails fiercer ſhake,
Or Scythia's tempeſts roar.

As when in ſummer's ſweeteſt day
To fan the fragrant morn,
The ſighing breezes ſoftly ſtray
O'er fields of ripen'd corn;

Sudden the lightning's blaſt deſcends,
Deforms the ravag'd fields;
At once the various ruin blends,
And all reſiſtleſs yields.

But when, to clear his ſtormy breaſt,
The ſun of reaſon ſhone,
And ebbing paſſions ſunk to reſt,
And ſhew'd what rage had done:

O then what anguiſh he betray'd!
His ſhame how deep, how true!
He view'd the waſte his rage had made,
And ſhudder'd at the view.

The meek-ey'd dawn, in ſaffron robe,
Proclaim'd the op'ning day,
Up roſe the ſun to gild the globe,
And hail the new-born May;

The birds their vernal notes repeat,
And glad the thick'ning grove,
And feather'd partners fondly greet
With many a ſong of love:

When pious ELDRED early roſe
The Lord of all to hail;
Who life with all its gifts beſtows,
Whoſe mercies never fail!

That done—he left his woodland glade,
And journey'd far away;
He lov'd to court the diſtant ſhade,
And thro' the lone vale ſtray.

Within the boſom of a wood,
By circling hills embrac'd,
A little, modeſt manſion ſtood,
Built by the hand of taſte:

While many a prouder caſtle fell,
This ſafely did endure;
The houſe where guardian virtues dwell
Is ſacred and ſecure.

Of Eglantine an humble fence
Around the manfion ftood,
Which ferv'd at once to charm the fenfe,
And fcreen an infant wood.

The wood receiv'd an added grace,
As pleas'd it bent to look,
And view'd its ever verdant face
Reflected in a brook:

The fmallnefs of the ftream did well
The mafter's fortunes fhew;
But little ftreams may ferve to tell
The fource from which they flow.

This manfion own'd an aged Knight,
And fuch a man was he,
As heaven juft fhews to human fight,
To tell what man fhou'd be.

His youth in many a well-fought field
Was train'd betimes to war;
His bofom, like a well-worn fhield,
Was grac'd with many a fcar.

The

The vigour of a green old age
His reverend form did bear;
And yet, alas! the warrior-ſage
Had drain'd the dregs of care:

And ſorrow more than age can break,
And wound its hapleſs prey,
'Twas ſorrow furrow'd his firm cheek,
And turn'd his bright locks grey.

One darling daughter ſooth'd his cares,
A young and beauteous dame,
Sole comfort of his failing years,
And BIRTHA was her name.

Her heart a little ſacred ſhrine,
Where all the Virtues meet,
And holy Hope and Faith divine
Had claim'd it for their ſeat.

She lov'd to raiſe her fragrant bower
Of wild and ruſtic taſte,
And there ſhe ſcreen'd each fav'rite flower
From ev'ry ruder blaſt:

And not a ſhrub or plant was there
    But did ſome moral yield,
For wiſdom, by a father's care,
    Was found in ev'ry field.

The trees, whoſe foliage fell away,
    And with the ſummer died,
He thought an image of decay
    Might lecture human pride:

While fair perennial greens that ſtood,
    And brav'd the wintry blaſt,
As types of the fair mind he view'd,
    Which ſhall for ever laſt.

He taught her that the gaudieſt flowers
    Were ſeldom fragrant found,
But waſted ſoon their little powers,
    Dropt uſeleſs on the ground:

While the ſweet-ſcented roſe ſhall laſt,
    And ſtill retain its power,
When life's imperfect day is paſt,
    And beauty's ſhorter hour.

And here the virgin lov'd to lead
Her inoffenſive day,
And here ſhe oft retir'd to read,
And oft retir'd to pray.

Embower'd, ſhe grac'd the woodland ſhades,
From courts and cities far,
The pride of Caledonian maids,
The peerleſs northern ſtar.

As ſhines that bright and lucid ſtar,
The glory of the night,
When beaming thro' the cloudleſs air,
She ſheds her ſilver light:

So Birtha ſhone!—But when ſhe ſpoke
The Muſe herſelf was heard,
As on the raviſh'd air ſhe broke,
And thus her prayer preferr'd:

"O bleſs thy Birtha, Power Supreme,
"In whom I live and move,
"And bleſs me moſt by bleſſing him,
"Whom more than life I love."

She ſtarts to hear a ſtranger's voice,
And with a modeſt grace,
She lifts her meek eye in ſurprize,
And ſees a ſtranger's face:

The ſtranger loſt in tranſport ſtood,
Bereft of voice and power,
While ſhe with equal wonder view'd
SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

The virgin bluſh which ſpreads her cheek
With Nature's pureſt dye,
And all thoſe dazzling beams which break
Like morning from her eye,

He view'd them all, and as he view'd,
Drank deeply of delight;
And ſtill his raptur'd eye purſued,
And feaſted on the ſight.

With ſilent wonder long they gaz'd,
And neither ſilence broke;
At length the ſmother'd paſſion blaz'd,
Enamour'd ELDRED ſpoke:

"O ſacred

"O ſacred Virtue, heav'nly power!
"Thy wond'rous force I feel:
"I gaze, I tremble, I adore,
"Yet die my love to tell.

"My ſcorn has oft the dart repell'd
"Which guileful beauty threw;
"But goodneſs heard, and grace beheld,
"Muſt every heart ſubdue."

Quick on the ground her eyes were caſt,
And now as quickly rais'd :—
Juſt then her father haply paſt,
On whom ſhe trembling gaz'd.

Good ARDOLPH's eye his BIRTHA meets
With glances of delight;
And thus with courteous ſpeech he greets
The young and graceful Knight:

"O gallant youth, whoe'er thou art,
"Right welcome to this place!
"There's ſomething riſes at my heart
"Which ſays I've ſeen that face."

"Thou

"Thou gen'rous Knight," the youth rejoin'd,
"Tho' little known to fame,
"I truſt I bear a grateful mind—
"Sir ELDRED is my name."

"Sir ELDRED?"—ARDOLPH loud exclaim'd,
"Renown'd for worth and power?
"For valour and for virtue fam'd,
"SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER?

"Now make me grateful, righteous Heaven,
"As thou art good to me,
"Since to my aged eyes 'tis given
"Sir ELDRED's ſon to ſee!"

Then ARDOLPH caught him by the hand,
And gaz'd upon his face,
And to his aged boſom ſtrain'd,
With many a kind embrace.

Again he view'd him o'er and o'er,
And doubted ſtill the truth,
And aſk'd what he had aſk'd before,
Then thus addreſt the youth:

"Come

"Come now beneath my roof, I pray,
"Some needful reſt to take,
"And with us many a cheerful day
"Thy friendly ſojourn make."

He enter'd at the gate ſtraightway
Some needful reſt to take;
And with them many a cheerful day
Did friendly ſojourn make.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

PART II.

ONCE—in a focial fummer's walk,
The gaudy day was fled;
They cheated time with cheerful talk,
When thus Sir ARDOLPH faid:

" Thy father was the firmeft friend
" That e'er my being bleft;
" And ev'ry virtue Heaven cou'd fend,
" Faft bound him to my breaft.

" Together did we learn to bear
" The cafque and ample fhield;
" Together learn'd in many a war
" The deathful fpear to wield.

" To make our union ftill more dear,
" We both were doom'd to prove,
" What is moft fweet and moft fevere
" In heart-diffolving love.

" The

"The daughter of a neighbouring Knight
"Did *my* fond heart engage;
"And ne'er did Heav'n the virtues write
"Upon a fairer page.

"*His* bosom felt an equal wound,
"Nor sigh'd we long in vain;
"One summer's sun beheld us bound
"In Hymen's holy chain.

"Thou wast Sir ELDRED's only child,
"Thy father's darling joy;
"On me a lovely daughter smil'd,
"On me a blooming boy.

"But man has woes, has clouds of care,
"That dim his star of life—
"My arms receiv'd the little pair,
"The earth's cold breast, my wife.

"Forgive, thou gentle Knight, forgive,
"Fond foolish tears *will* flow;
"One day like mine thy heart may heave,
"And mourn its lot of woe.

"But

"But grant, kind Heaven! thou ne'er may'ſt know
"The pangs I now impart;
"Nor ever feel the parting blow
"That rives a huſband's heart.

"Beſide the blooming banks of *Tay*,
"My angel's aſhes ſleep;
"And wherefore ſhould her ARDOLPH ſtay,
"Except to watch and weep?

"I bore my beauteous babes away
"With many a guſhing tear;
"I left the blooming banks of *Tay*,
"And brought my darlings here.

"I watch'd my little houſhold cares,
"And form'd their growing youth;
"And fondly train'd their infant years
"To piety and truth."

"Thy blooming BIRTHA here I ſee,"
Sir ELDRED ſtrait rejoin'd;
"But why thy ſon is not with thee,
"Reſolve my doubting mind."

When BIRTHA did the queſtion hear,
She ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak;
And many a ſoft and ſilent tear
Stray'd down her damaſk cheek.

Then paſs'd o'er good Sir ARDOLPH's face,
A caſt of deadly pale;
But ſoon compos'd, with manly grace,
He thus renew'd his tale:

" For him my heart too much has bled;
" For him, my darling ſon,
" Has ſorrow preſt my hoary head;
" But Heav'n's high will be done!

" Scarce eighteen winters had revolv'd,
" To crown the circling year,
" Before my valiant boy reſolv'd
" The warrior's lance to bear.

" Too high I priz'd my native land,
" Too dear his fame I held,
" T' oppoſe a parent's ſtern command,
" And keep him from the field.

" He left me—left his ſiſter too,
" Yet tears bedew'd his face—
" What could a feeble old man do?
" He burſt from my embrace.

" O thirſt of glory, fatal flame!
" O laurels dearly bought!
" Yet ſweet is death when earn'd with fame—
" So virtuous Edwy thought.

" Full manfully the brave boy ſtrove,
" Tho' preſſing ranks oppoſe;
" But weak the ſtrongeſt arm muſt prove
" Againſt an hoſt of foes.

" A deadly wound my ſon receives,
" A ſpear aſſails his ſide:
" Grief does not kill—for Ardolph lives
" To tell that Edwy died.

" His long-lov'd mother died again
" In Edwy's parting groan;
" I wept for her, yet wept in vain—
" I wept for both in one.

" I wou'd have died—I fought to die,
" But Heaven reftrain'd the thought,
" And to my paffion-clouded eye
" My helplefs BIRTHA brought.

" When lo ! array'd in robes of light,
" A nymph celeftial came,
" She clear'd the mifts that dimm'd my fight—
" RELIGION was her name.

" She prov'd the chaftifement divine,
" And bade me kifs the rod ;
" She taught this rebel heart of mine
" Submiffion to its God.

" RELIGION taught me to fuftain
" What Nature bade me feel ;
" And Piety reliev'd the pain
" Which Time can never heal."

He ceas'd—with forrow and delight
The tale Sir ELDRED hears ;
Then weeping cries—" Thou noble Knight,
" For thanks accept my tears.

" O AR-

"O ARDOLPH, might I dare aſpire
"To claim ſo bright a boon!—
"Good old Sir ELDRED was my ſire—
"And thou haſt loſt a ſon.

"And tho' I want a worthier plea
"To urge ſo dear a cauſe;
"Yet, let me to thy boſom be
"What once thy EDWY was.

"My trembling tongue its aid denies;
"For thou may'ſt diſapprove;
"Then read it in my ardent eyes,
"Oh! read the tale of love.

"Thy beauteous BIRTHA!"—"Gracious Power!
"How cou'd I e'er repine,"
Cries ARDOLPH, "ſince I ſee this hour?
"Yes—BIRTHA ſhall be thine."

A little tranſient gleam of red
Shot faintly o'er her face,
And ev'ry trembling feature ſpread
With ſweet diſorder'd grace.

The tender father kindly ſmil'd
With fulneſs of content;
And fondly ey'd his darling child,
Who, baſhful, bluſh'd conſent.

O then to paint the vaſt delight
That fill'd Sir ELDRED's heart,
To tell the tranſports of the Knight,
Wou'd mock the Muſe's art.

But ev'ry kind and gracious ſoul,
Where gentle paſſions dwell,
Will better far conceive the whole,
Than any Muſe can tell.

The more the Knight his BIRTHA knew,
The more he priz'd the maid;
Some worth each day produc'd to view,
Some grace each hour betray'd.

The virgin too was fond to charm
The dear accompliſh'd youth;
His ſingle breaſt ſhe ſtrove to warm,
And crown'd, with love, his truth.

Unlike the dames of modern days,
    Who *general* homage claim;
Who court the *univerſal* gaze,
    And pant for *public* fame.

Then beauty but on merit ſmil'd,
    Nor were her chaſte ſmiles ſold;
No venal father gave his child
    For grandeur, or for gold.

The ardour of young ELDRED's flame
    But ill cou'd brook delay,
And oft he preſs'd the maid to name
    A ſpeedy nuptial day.

The fond impatience of his breaſt
    'Twas all in vain to hide,
But ſhe his eager ſuit repreſt
    With modeſt maiden pride.

When oft Sir ELDRED preſs'd the day
    Which was to crown his truth,
The thoughtful Sire would ſigh and ſay,
    "O happy ſtate of youth!

"It little recks the woes which wait
"To ſcare its dreams of joy;
"Nor thinks to-morrow's alter'd fate
"May all thoſe dreams deſtroy.

"And tho' the flatterer Hope deceives,
"And painted proſpects ſhews;
"Yet man, ſtill cheated, ſtill believes,
"Till death the bright ſcene cloſe.

"So look'd *my* bride, ſo ſweetly mild,
"On me her beauty's ſlave;
"But whilſt ſhe look'd, and whilſt ſhe ſmil'd,
"She ſunk into the grave.

"Yet, O forgive an old man's care,
"Forgive a father's zeal;
"Who fondly loves muſt greatly fear,
"Who fears muſt greatly feel.

"Once more in ſoft and ſacred bands
"Shall Love and Hymen meet;
"To-morrow ſhall unite your hands,
"And—be your bliſs complete!"

The rifing fun inflam'd the fky,
The golden orient blufh'd;
But BIRTHA's cheeks a fweeter die,
A brighter crimfon flufh'd.

The Prieft, in milk-white veftments clad,
Perform'd the myftic rite;
Love lit the hallow'd torch that led
To Hymen's chafte delight.

How feeble language were to fpeak
Th' immeafurable joy,
That fir'd Sir ELDRED's ardent cheek,
And triumph'd in his eye!

Sir ARDOLPH's pleafure ftood confeft,
A pleafure all his own;
The guarded pleafure of a breaft
Which many a grief had known.

'Twas fuch a fober fenfe of joy
As Angels well might keep;
A joy chaftis'd by piety,
A joy prepar'd to weep.

To recollect her ſcatter'd thought,
And ſhun the noon-tide hour,
The lovely bride in ſecret ſought
The coolneſs of her Bower.

Long ſhe remain'd—th' enamour'd Knight,
Impatient at her ſtay;
And all unfit to taſte delight
When BIRTHA was away;

Betakes him to the ſecret Bower;
His footſteps ſoftly move;
Impell'd by ev'ry tender power,
He ſteals upon his love.

O, horror! horror! blaſting ſight!
He ſees his BIRTHA's charms,
Reclin'd with melting, fond delight,
Within a ſtranger's arms.

Wild phrenzy fires his frantic hand,
Diſtracted at the ſight,
He flies to where the lovers ſtand,
And ſtabs the ſtranger Knight.

"Die,

"Die, traitor, die! thy guilty flames
"Demand th' avenging ſteel!"—
"It is my brother, ſhe exclaims,
"'Tis Edwy—Oh farewell!"

An aged peaſant, Edwy's guide,
The good old Ardolph ſought;
He told him that his boſom's pride,
His Edwy, he had brought.

O how the father's feelings melt!
How faint, and how revive!
Juſt ſo the Hebrew Patriarch felt,
To find his ſon alive.

"Let me behold my darling's face,
"And bleſs him ere I die!"
Then with a ſwift and vigorous pace,
He to the Bower did hie:

O ſad reverſe!—Sunk on the ground
His ſlaughter'd ſon he view'd;
And dying Birtha, cloſe he found,
In brother's blood imbru'd.

Cold,

Cold, ſpeechleſs, ſenſeleſs, Eldred near,
Gaz'd on the deed he had done;
Like the blank ſtatue of *Deſpair*,
Or *Madneſs* grav'd in ſtone.

The father ſaw—ſo Jephthah ſtood,
So turn'd his woe-fraught eye,
When the dear, deſtin'd child he view'd,
His zeal had doom'd to die.

He look'd the woe he could not ſpeak,
And on the pale corſe preſt
His wan, diſcolour'd, dying cheek,
And ſilent, ſunk to reſt.

Then Birtha faintly rais'd her eye,
Which long had ceas'd to ſtream,
On Eldred fix'd, with many a ſigh,
Its dim departing beam.

The cold, cold dews of haſtening death,
Upon her pale face ſtand;
And quick and ſhort her failing breath,
And tremulous her hand.

The

The cold, cold dews of haſtening death,
The dim departing eye,
The quiv'ring hand, the ſhort quick breath,
He view'd—and did not die.

He ſaw her ſpirit mount in air,
Its kindred ſkies to ſeek!
His heart its anguiſh cou'd not bear,
And yet it wou'd not break.

The mournful Muſe forbears to tell
How wretched ELDRED died:
She draws the Grecian * Painter's veil,
The vaſt diſtreſs to hide.

* * * * *

Yet Heaven's decrees are juſt and wiſe,
And man is born to bear:
Joy is the portion of the ſkies,
Beneath them, all is care.

Yet

* In the celebrated Picture of the Sacrifice of IPHIGENIA, TIMANTHES having exhauſted every image of grief in the by-ſtanders, threw a veil over the face of the father, whoſe ſorrow he was utterly unable to expreſs. PLIN. Book xxxv.

Yet blame not Heav'n; 'tis erring man,
Who mars his own beſt joys;
Whoſe paſſions uncontroll'd, the plan
Of promis'd bliſs deſtroys.

Had ELDRED *paus'd*, before the blow,
His hand had never err'd;
What guilt, what complicated woe,
His ſoul had then been ſpar'd!

The deadlieſt wounds with which we bleed,
Our crimes inflict alone;
Man's *mercies* from GOD's hand proceed,
His *miſeries* from his *own*.

THE BLEEDING ROCK:

OR,

THE METAMORPHOSIS

OF

A NYMPH INTO STONE.

——— The annual wound allur'd
The Syrian damſels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a ſummer's day;
While ſmooth Adonis from his native Rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

MILTON.

THE

BLEEDING ROCK.

Where beauteous *Belmont* rears her modeft
brow
To view *Sabrina*'s filver waves below,
Liv'd young Ianthe, fair as beauty's Queen;
She reign'd unrivall'd in the Sylvan fcene;
Hers ev'ry charm of fymmetry and grace,
Which aids the triumph of the faireft face;
With all that fofter elegance of mind,
By genius heighten'd, and by tafte refin'd.
Yet early was fhe doom'd the child of care,
For haplefs love fubdu'd th' ill-fated fair.
Ah! what avails each captivating grace,
The form enchanting, or the faireft face?

Or

Or what, each beauty of the heav'n-born mind,
The ſoul ſuperior, or the taſte refin'd?
Beauty but ſerves deſtruction to inſure,
And *ſenſe*, to feel the pang it cannot cure.
  Each neighb'ring youth aſpir'd to gain her hand,
And many a ſuitor came from many a land:
But all in vain each neighb'ring youth aſpir'd,
And diſtant ſuitors all in vain admir'd.
Averſe to hear, yet fearful to offend,
The lover ſhe refus'd ſhe made a friend:
Her meek rejection wore ſo mild a face,
More like acceptance ſeem'd it, than diſgrace.
  Young POLYDORE, the pride of rural ſwains,
Was wont to viſit *Belmont*'s blooming plains.
Who has not heard how POLYDORE cou'd throw
Th' unerring dart to wound the flying doe?
How leave the ſwifteſt at the race behind,
How mount the courſer, and outſtrip the wind?
With melting ſweetneſs, or with magic fire,
Breathe the ſoft flute, or ſweep the well-ſtrung lyre?

From

From that fam'd lyre no vulgar mufic fprung,
The Graces tun'd it, and Apollo ftrung.
  Apollo too was once a fhepherd fwain,
And fed the flock, and grac'd the ruftic plain.
He taught what charms to rural life belong,
The focial fweetnefs, and the fylvan fong;
He taught fair Wifdom in her grove to woo,
Her joys how precious, and her wants how few!
The favage herds in mute attention ftood,
And ravifh'd *Echo* fill'd the vocal wood;
The facred Sifters, ftooping from their fphere,
Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear:
Till Heav'n the fcene furvey'd with jealous eyes,
And Jove, in envy, call'd him to the fkies.
  Young POLYDORE was rich in large domains,
In fmiling paftures, and in flow'ry plains;
With thefe, he boafted each exterior charm,
To win the prudent, and the cold to warm;
The faireft femblance of defert he bore,
And each fictitious mark of goodnefs wore;
Cou'd act the tendernefs he never felt,
In forrow foften, and in anguifh melt.

The ſigh elaborate, the fraudful tear,
The joy diſſembled, and the well-feign'd fear,
All theſe were his; and his each treach'rous art
That ſteals the guileleſs and unpractis'd heart.
Too ſoon he heard of fair IANTHE's fame,
'Twas each enamour'd Shepherd's fav'rite theme;
Return'd the riſing, and the ſetting ſun,
The Shepherd's fav'rite theme was never done.
They prais'd her wit, her worth, her ſhape, her air!
And even inferior beauties own'd her fair.
Such ſweet perfection all his wonder mov'd;
He ſaw, admir'd, nay, fancied that he lov'd:
But POLYDORE no gen'rous paſſion knew,
Loſt to all truth in feigning to be true.
No laſting tenderneſs could warm a heart,
Too vain to feel, too ſelfiſh to impart.
Cold as the ſnows of *Rhodope* deſcend,
And with the chilling waves of *Hebrus* blend;
So cold the breaſt where *Vanity* preſides,
And the whole ſubject ſoul abſorbs and guides.

Too well he knew to make his conqueſt ſure,
Win her ſoft heart, yet keep his own ſecure.
So oft he told the well-imagin'd tale,
So oft he ſwore—how ſhou'd he *not* prevail?
The well-imagin'd tale the nymph believ'd;
Too unſuſpecting not to be deceiv'd:
She lov'd the youth, ſhe thought herſelf belov'd,
Nor bluſh'd to praiſe whom every maid approv'd.
The conqueſt once atchiev'd, the brighteſt fair,
When conquer'd, was no longer worth his care:
When to the world her paſſion he cou'd prove,
Vain of his pow'r, he jeſted at her love.
The perjur'd youth, from ſad IANTHE far,
To win freſh triumphs, wages cruel war.
With other nymphs behold the wand'rer rove,
And tell the ſtory of IANTHE'S love;
He mocks her eaſy faith, inſults her woe,
Nor pities tears himſelf had taught to flow.
To ſad IANTHE ſoon the tale was borne,
How POLYDORE to treach'ry added ſcorn.
And now her eyes ſoft radiance 'gan to fail,
And now the crimſon of her cheek grew pale;

The lily there, in faded beauty ſhews,
Its ſickly empire o'er the vanquiſh'd roſe.
Devouring Sorrow marks her for his prey,
And, ſlow and certain, mines his ſilent way.
Yet, as apace her ebbing life declin'd,
Increaſing ſtrength ſuſtain'd her firmer mind.
"O had my heart been hard as his," ſhe cried,
"An hapleſs victim thus I had not died:
"If there be gods, and gods there ſurely are,
"Inſulted virtue doubtleſs is their care.
"Then haſten, righteous Powers! my tedious fate,
"Shorten my woes, and end my mortal date:
"Quick let your power transform this failing
"frame,
"Let me be any thing but what I am!
"And ſince the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel,
"Proceed, alas! from having lov'd too well:
"Grant me ſome form where love can have no
"part,
"No human weakneſs reach my guarded heart;
"Where no ſoft touch of paſſion can be felt,
"No fond affection this weak boſom melt.

"If

" If pity has not left your bleſt abodes,
" Change me to flinty adamant, ye gods!
" To hardeſt rock, or monumental ſtone,
" So may I know no more the pangs I've known;
" So ſhall I thus no farther torments prove,
" Nor taunting rivals ſay ſhe died for love:
" For ſure, if ought can aggravate our woe,
" 'Tis the feign'd pity of a proſp'rous foe."
Thus pray'd the nymph—and ſtrait the Pow'rs addreſt,
Accord the weeping ſuppliant's ſad requeſt.
Then, ſtrange to tell! if rural folks ſay true,
To harden'd Rock the ſtiff'ning damſel grew;
No more her ſhapeleſs features can be known,
Stone is her body, and her limbs are ſtone;
The growing Rock invades her beauteous face,
And quickly petrifies each living grace:
The ſtone, her ſtature nor her ſhape retains,
The Nymph is vaniſh'd, but the Rock remains.
No veſtige now of human ſhape appears,
No cheek for bluſhes, and no eyes for tears:

Yet—ſtrange the marvels Poets can impart!
Unchang'd, unchill'd, remain'd the glowing heart;
Its vital ſpirits deſtin'd ſtill to keep,
It ſcorn'd to mingle with the marble heap.
When babbling Fame the wond'rous tidings bore,
Grief ſeiz'd the ſoul of perjur'd POLYDORE;
And now the falſehood of his ſoul appears,
And now his broken vows aſſail his ears.
Appall'd, his ſmitten fancy ſeems to view
The nymph ſo lovely, and the friend ſo true.
For ſince her abſence, all the virgin train,
His admiration ſought to win in vain.
Tho' not to keep him ev'n IANTHE knew,
From vanity alone his falſehood grew:
O let the youthful heart, thus warn'd, beware,
Of vanity, how deep, how wide the ſnare;
That half the miſchiefs youth and beauty know,
From VANITY'S exhauſtleſs fountain flow.
Now deep remorſe deprives his ſoul of reſt,
And deep compunction wounds his guilty breaſt:

Then

Then to the fatal ſpot in haſte he flew,
Eager ſome veſtige of the maid to view;
The ſhapeleſs Rock he mark'd, but found no
trace
Of loſt IANTHE's form, IANTHE's face.
He fix'd his ſtreaming eyes upon the ſtone,
"And take, ſweet maid", he cried, "my parting
"groan;
"Since we are doom'd thus terribly to part,
"No other nymph ſhall ever ſhare my heart;
"Thus only I'm abſolv'd"—he raſhly cried,
Then plung'd a deadly poniard in his ſide!
Fainting, the ſteel he graſp'd, and as he fell
The weapon pierc'd the Rock he lov'd ſo well;
The guiltleſs ſteel aſſail'd the living part,
And ſtabb'd the vital, vulnerable heart.
And tho' the rocky maſs was pale before,
Behold it ting'd with ruddy ſtreams of gore!
The life-blood iſſuing from the wounded ſtone,
Blends with the crimſon current of his own;
From POLYDORE's freſh wound it flow'd in part,
But chief emitted from IANTHE's heart.

And tho' revolving ages ſince have paſt,
The meeting torrents undiminiſh'd laſt;
Still guſhes out the ſanguine ſtream amain,
The ſtanding wonder of the ſtranger ſwain.
  Now once a year, ſo ruſtic records tell,
When o'er the heath reſounds the midnight bell;
On eve of Midſummer, that foe to ſleep,
What time young maids their annual vigils keep,
The tell-tale ſhrub *, freſh gather'd to declare
The ſwains who falſe, from thoſe who conſtant are;
When ghoſts in clanking chains the church-yard walk,
And to the wond'ring ear of fancy talk:
When the ſcar'd maid ſteals trembling thro' the grove,
To kiſs the grave of him who died for love:
When, with long watchings, *Care*, at length oppreſt,
Steals broken pauſes of uncertain reſt;

Nay,

* Midſummer-men, conſulted as oracular by village maids.

Nay, *Grief* ſhort ſnatches of repoſe can take,
And nothing but *Deſpair* is quite awake:
Then, at that hour, ſo ſtill, ſo full of fear,
When all things horrible to thought appear,
Is perjur'd POLYDORE obſerv'd to rove
A ghaſtly ſpectre thro' the gloomy grove;
Then to the Rock, the *Bleeding-Rock* repair,
Where, ſadly ſighing, it diſſolves to air.

Still when the hours of ſolemn rites return,
The village train in ſad proceſſion mourn;
Pluck ev'ry weed which might the ſpot diſgrace,
And plant the faireſt field-flow'rs in their place.
Around no noxious plant, or flow'ret grows,
But the firſt daffodil, and earlieſt roſe:
The ſnow-drop ſpreads its whiteſt boſom here,
And golden cowſlips grace the vernal year:
Here the pale primroſe takes a fairer hue,
And ev'ry violet boaſts a brighter blue.
Here builds the wood-lark, here the faithful dove
Laments his loſt, or wooes his living love.
Secure from harm is ev'ry hallow'd neſt,
The ſpot is ſacred where true lovers reſt.

To

To guard the Rock from each malignant ſprite,
A troop of guardian ſpirits watch by night;
Aloft in air each takes his little ſtand,
The neighb'ring hill is hence call'd *Fairy Land**.

* By contraction, *Failand*, a hill well known in Somerſetſhire, not far from this is *The Bleeding-Rock*, from which conſtantly iſſues a crimſon current. A deſire to account for this appearance, gave riſe to a whimſical converſation, which produced theſe ſlight verſes.

O D E

FROM H. M. AT BRISTOL,

TO

D R A G O N,

MR. GARRICK'S HOUSE-DOG, AT HAMPTON.

I.

DRAGON! ſince lyrics are the mode,
To thee I dedicate my Ode,
And reaſon good I plead:
Are thoſe who cannot write, to blame
To draw their hopes of future fame,
From thoſe who cannot read?

II.

O cou'd I, like that nameleſs wight*,
Find the choice minute when to write,

The

* See the admirable Epiſtle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

The *mollia tempora fandi!*
Like his, my muſe ſhould learn to whiſtle
A true *Heroical Epiſtle*,
In ſtrains which never can die.

III.

Father of lyrics, tuneful HORACE!
Can thy great ſhade do nothing for us
To mend the Britiſh lyre?
Our luckleſs Bards have broke the ſtrings,
Seiz'd the ſcar'd muſes, pluck'd their wings,
And put out all their fire *.

IV.

DRAGON! thou tyrant of the yard,
Great nameſake of that furious guard
That watch'd the fruits Heſperian!
Thy choicer treaſures ſafely keep,
Nor ſnatch one moment's guilty ſleep,
Fidelity's criterion.

O DRAGON!

* A profuſion of Odes had appeared about this time, which ſtrikingly violated all the rules of Lyrical compoſition.

V.

O Dragon! change with me thy fate,
To me give up thy place and ſtate,
And I will give thee mine:
I, left to think, and thou to feed!
My mind enlarg'd, thy body freed,
How bleſt *my* lot and *thine!*

VI.

Then ſhalt thou ſcent the rich regale
Of turtle and diluting ale,
Nay, ſhare the ſav'ry bit;
And ſee, what thou haſt never ſeen,
For thou haſt but at Hampton been,
A feaſt devoid of wit.

VII.

Oft ſhalt thou ſnuff the ſmoaking veniſon,
Devour'd, *alone*, by hungry denizen,
So freſh, thou'lt long to tear it;
Tho' Flaccus * tells a diff'rent tale
Of ſocial ſouls who choſe it ſtale,
Becauſe their *friends* ſhou'd ſhare it.

* Hor. lib. ii. Sat. 2.

VIII.

And then on me what joys wou'd wait,
Were I the guardian of thy gate,
How ufelefs bolt and latch!
How vain were locks, and bars how vain,
To fhield from harm the houfehold train
Whom I, from love, wou'd watch!

IX.

Not that 'twou'd crown with joy my life,
That BOWDEN *, or that BOWDEN's wife,
Brought me my daily pickings:
Tho' fhe, accelerating Fate,
Decrees the fcanty mortal date
Of turkeys and of chickens!

X.

Tho' fir'd with innocent ambition,
BOWDEN, great Nature's rhetorician,
More flow'rs than BURKE produces;
And tho' he's fkill'd more roots to find,
Than ever ftock'd an Hebrew's mind,
And knows their various ufes.

I'd

* The Gardiner and Poultry Woman at Hampton.

XI.

I'd get my maſter's ways by rote,
Ne'er wou'd I bark at ragged coat,
Nor tear the tatter'd ſinner;
Like him, I'd love the dog of merit,
Careſs the cur of broken ſpirit,
And gave them all a dinner.

XII.

Nor let me pair his blue-ey'd Dame
With Venus' or Minerva's name,
One warrior, one coquet;
No; Pallas and the Queen of Beauty
Shunn'd, or betray'd that nuptial duty,
Which *ſhe* ſo high has ſet.

XIII.

Whene'er I heard the rattling coach
Proclaim their long-deſir'd approach,
How wou'd I haſte to greet 'em!
Nor ever feel I wore a chain,
Till, ſtarting, I perceiv'd with pain
I cou'd not fly to meet 'em.

The

XIV.

The maſter loves his ſylvan ſhades,
Here, with the nine melodious maids,
His choiceſt hours are ſpent:
Yet I ſhall hear ſome witling cry,
(Such witling from my preſence fly!)
" GARRICK will ſoon repent:

XV.

" Again you'll ſee him, never fear;
" Some half a dozen times a year
" He ſtill will charm the age;
" Accuſtom'd long to be admir'd,
" Of ſhades and ſtreams he'll ſoon be tir'd,
" And languiſh for the ſtage."

XVI.

Peace!—To his ſolitude he bears
The full-blown fame of thirty years;
He bears a nation's praiſe:
He bears his lib'ral, poliſh'd mind,
His worth, his wit, his ſenſe refin'd;
He bears his well-earn'd Bays.

When

XVII.

When warm admirers drop a tear
Becauſe this ſun has left his ſphere,
And ſet before his time;
I who have felt and lov'd his rays,
What *they* condemn will loudly praiſe,
And call the deed ſublime.

XVIII.

How wiſe! long pamper'd with applauſe,
To make a voluntary pauſe
And lay his laurels down!
Boldly repelling each ſtrong claim,
To dare aſſert to Wealth and Fame,
"Enough of both I've known."

XIX.

How wiſe! a ſhort retreat to ſteal,
The vanity of life to feel,
And from its cares to fly;
To act one calm, domeſtic ſcene,
Earth's buſtle, and the grave between,
Retire, and learn to die!

EPITAPHS.

ON THE

REVEREND MR. PENROSE,

THIRTY-TWO YEARS VICAR OF ST. GLUVIAS, CORNWALL.

If ſocial manners, if the gentleſt mind,
If zeal for God, and love for human kind,
If all the charities which life endear,
May claim affection, or demand a tear,
Then, o'er Penrose's venerable urn
Domeſtic love may weep, and friendſhip mourn.
  The path of duty ſtill, untir'd, he trod,
He walk'd in ſafety, for he walk'd with God!
When paſt the pow'r of precept and of pray'r,
Yet ſtill his flock remain'd the ſhepherd's care;
Their wants ſtill kindly watchful to ſupply,
He taught his beſt, laſt leſſon, how to die!

ON
MRS. BLANDFORD.

MEEK ſhade, farewell! go ſeek that quiet ſhore
Where ſin ſhall vex, and ſorrow wound no more;
Thy lowly worth obtains that final bliſs,
Which pride diſdains to ſeek, and wit may miſs.
That path thou'ſt found which ſcience cannot
teach,
But faith and goodneſs never fail to reach:
Then ſhare the joy the words of life impart,
The Viſion promis'd to the *pure in heart.*

ON
MRS. LITTLE,
IN REDCLIFF CHURCH, BRISTOL.

O COU'D this verſe her fair example ſpread,
And teach the living while it prais'd the dead!
Then, reader, ſhou'd it ſpeak her hope divine,
Not to record her faith, but ſtrengthen thine;
Then ſhou'd her ev'ry virtue ſtand confeſt,
Till ev'ry virtue kindled in thy breaſt.

But

But, if thou ſlight the monitory ſtrain,
And ſhe has liv'd, to thee at leaſt, in vain;
Yet let her death, an awful leſſon give,
The dying Chriſtian ſpeaks to all that live.
Enough for her that here her aſhes reſt,
Till GOD's own plaudit ſhall her worth atteſt.

ON
GENERAL LAWRENCE,

Memorable for his Conqueſts in India, and for his Clemency to the Vanquiſhed.

ON A MONUMENT ERECTED BY SIR ROBERT PALK.

BORN to command, to conquer, and to ſpare,
As mercy mild, yet terrible as war,
Here LAWRENCE reſts in death; while living fame
From Thames to Ganges wafts his honour'd name.
To him this frail memorial Friendſhip rears,
Whoſe nobleſt monument's a nation's tears;
Whoſe deeds on fairer columns ſtand engrav'd,
In Provinces preſerv'd, and Cities ſav'd.

ON

THE REVEREND MR. HUNTER,

Who received a Degree from the Univerfity of Oxford, for his Work againft Lord BOLINGBROKE'S Philofophy.

Go, happy fpirit, feek that blifsful land
Where zealous MICHAEL leads the glorious band
Of thofe who fought for truth; bleft fpirit, go,
And perfect all the good begun below:
Go, hear applauding Saints, delighted, tell
How vanquifh'd Falfehood, at thy bidding, fell!
Bleft in that heav'n whofe paths thy virtues fought;
Bleft in that GOD whofe caufe thou well haft fought;
O let thy honour'd fhade *his* care approve,
Who this memorial rears of filial love:
A fon, whofe father, living, was his pride;
A fon, who mourns that fuch a father died.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH IVES,

AGED NINETY-ONE, OF NORTHAMPTON.

Her pious and uſeful Life
was extended to an honourable old age,
and cloſed by an exemplary Death.
Her *Charity* had its ſource
In *Religion* :
Her love of her neighbour
was the genuine effect
of her love of God :
Her *Reſignation*
was the Fruit of her *Faith* ;
and ſhe died in *Hope*
becauſe ſhe had lived
A Christian.

ON
C. DICEY, Esq.

IN CLAYBROOK CHURCH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

O THOU, or friend or ſtranger, who ſhalt tread
Theſe ſolemn manſions of the ſilent dead!
Think, when this record to inquiring eyes,
No more ſhall tell the ſpot where DICEY lies;
When this frail marble, faithleſs to its truſt,
Mould'ring itſelf, reſigns its moulder'd duſt;
When time ſhall fail, and nature's ſelf-decay,
And earth, and ſun, and ſkies diſſolve away;
Thy ſoul, this conſummation ſhall ſurvive,
Defy the wreck, and but *begin* to live.
This truth, long ſlighted, let theſe aſhes teach,
Tho' cold, inſtruct you, and tho' ſilent preach:
O pauſe! reflect, repent, reſolve, amend!
Life has no length, Eternity no end!

ON
A YOUNG LADY.

Go, peaceful ſhade! exchange for ſin and care
The glorious palm which patient ſuff'rers wear!

Go,

Go, take the meed victorious meeknefs gains,
Go, wear the crown triumphant faith obtains.

Thofe filent graces which the good conceal,
The day of dread difclofure fhall reveal;
Then fhall thy mild, retiring virtues rife,
And God, both judge and witnefs, give the prize.

Inscription on a Cenotaph in a Garden,

ERECTED TO A DECEASED FRIEND.

Ye lib'ral fouls who rev'rence Friendfhip's name,
Who boaft her bleffings, and who feel her flame;
Oh! if from early youth one friend you've lov'd,
Whom warm affection chofe, and tafte approv'd;
If you have known what anguifh rends the heart,
When fuch, fo known, fo lov'd, for ever part;
Approach!—For you the mourner rears this ftone,
To footh your forrows, and record his own.

ON
THE REVEREND MR. LOVE,

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT BRISTOL.

WHEN worthlefs grandeur fills th' embellifh'd
urn,
No poignant grief attends the fable bier;
But when diftinguifh'd excellence we mourn,
Deep is the forrow, genuine is the tear.

Stranger! fhould'ft thou approach this awful
fhrine,
The merits of the honour'd dead to feek;
The friend, the fon, the chriftian, the divine,
Let thofe who knew him, thofe who lov'd
him fpeak.

O let them in fome paufe of anguifh fay,
What zeal inflam'd, what faith enlarg'd his
breaft!
How glad th' unfetter'd fpirit wing'd its way
From earth to heav'n, from bleffing to be-
bleft!

ON THE REVEREND

SIR JAMES STONHOUSE, BART. M. D.

IN THE CHAPEL AT THE HOTWELLS, BRISTOL.

Here refts awhile, in happier climes to fhine,
The Orator, Phyfician, and Divine:
'Twas his, like Luke, the double tafk to fill,
To heal the nat'ral, and the moral ill.
You, whofe awaken'd hearts his labours bleft,
Where ev'ry truth by ev'ry grace was dreft;
Oh! let your lives evince that ftill you feel
Th' effective influence of his fervent zeal.
One fpirit refcued from eternal woe
Were nobler fame than marble can beftow;
That lafting monument will mock decay,
And ftand, triumphant, at the final day.

ON

SARAH STONHOUSE,

SECOND WIFE OF THE REV. SIR JAMES STONHOUSE, BART.

Come, Refignation! wipe the human tear,
Domeftic anguifh drops o'er Virtue's bier;

Bid

Bid selfish sorrow hush the fond complaint,
Nor, from the God she lov'd, detain the saint.

Truth, meekness, patience, honour'd shade! were thine;
And holy hope, and charity divine:
Tho' these thy forfeit being cou'd not save,
Thy faith subdued the terrors of the grave.

Oh! if thy *living* excellence cou'd teach,
Death has a loftier emphasis of speech:
Let death thy strongest lesson then impart,
And write, PREPARE TO DIE, on ev'ry heart.

THE

FOOLISH TRAVELLER:

OR,

A GOOD INN IS A BAD HOME.

THERE was a Prince of high degree,
As great and good as Prince cou'd be;
Much pow'r and wealth were in his hand,
With Lands and Lordſhips at command.

One ſon, a fav'rite ſon, he had,
An idle thoughtleſs kind of lad;
Whom, ſpite of all his follies paſt,
He meant to make his heir at laſt.

The ſon eſcap'd to foreign lands,
And broke his gracious Sire's commands;
Far, as he fancied, from his ſight,
In each low joy he took delight.

The

The youth, deteſting peace and quiet,
Indulg'd in vice, expence, and riot;
Of each wild pleaſure raſhly taſted,
Till health declin'd, and ſubſtance waſted.

The tender Sire, to pity prone,
Promis'd to pardon what was done;
And, wou'd he certain terms fulfil
He ſhould receive a kingdom ſtill.

The youth the *pardon* little minded,
So much his ſottiſh ſoul was blinded;
But tho' he mourn'd no paſt tranſgreſſion,
He lik'd the future rich poſſeſſion.

He lik'd the kingdom when obtain'd,
But not the terms on which 'twas gain'd;
He hated pain and ſelf-denial,
Choſe the reward, but ſhunn'd the trial.

He knew his father's power how great,
How glorious too the promis'd ſtate!
At length reſolves no more to roam
But ſtrait to ſeek his father's home.

His

His Sire had ſent a friend to ſay,
He muſt be cautious on his way;
Told him what road he muſt purſue,
And always keep his home in view.

The thoughtleſs youth ſet out indeed,
But ſoon he ſlacken'd in his ſpeed;
For ev'ry trifle by the way
Seduc'd his idle heart aſtray.

By ev'ry caſual impulſe ſway'd,
On ev'ry ſlight pretence he ſtay'd;
To each, to all, his paſſions bend,
He quite forgets his journey's end.

For ev'ry ſport, for ev'ry ſong,
He halted as he paſt along;
Caught by each idle ſight he ſaw,
He'd loiter e'en to pick a ſtraw.

Whate'er was preſent ſeiz'd his ſoul,
A feaſt, a ſhew, a brimming bowl;
Contented with this vulgar lot,
His father's houſe he quite forgot.

Thoſe

Thoſe ſlight refreſhments by the way,
Which were but meant his ſtrength to ſtay,
So ſunk his ſoul in ſloth and ſin,
He look'd no farther than his Inn.

His father's friend wou'd oft appear
And ſound the *promiſe* in his ear;
Oft wou'd he rouſe him, "Sluggard, come!
"This is thy Inn, and not thy home."

Diſpleas'd he anſwers, "Come what will,
"Of preſent bliſs I'll take my fill;
"In vain you plead, in vain I hear,
"Thoſe joys are diſtant, theſe are near."

Thus periſh'd, loſt to worth and truth,
In ſight of home this hapleſs youth;
While beggars, foreigners, and poor,
Enjoy'd the father's boundleſs ſtore.

APPLICATION.

My Fable, Reader, ſpeaks to thee,
In God this bounteous Father ſee;

And in his thoughtlefs offspring trace,
The finful, wayward, human race.

The friend, the generous father fent,
To roufe, and to reclaim him, meant;
The faithful minifter you'll find,
Who calls the wand'ring, warns the blind.

Reader, awake! this youth you blame,
Are not *you* doing juft the fame?
Mindlefs your comforts are but given
To help you on your way to heav'n.

The pleafures which beguile the road,
The flow'rs with which your path is ftrew'd;
To thefe your whole defires you bend
And quite forget your journey's end.

The meaneft toys your foul entice,
A feaft, a fong, a game at dice;
Charm'd with your prefent paltry lot,
Eternity is quite forgot.

Then liſten to a warning friend,
Who bids you mind your journey's end;
A wand'ring pilgrim here you roam;
This world's your *Inn*, the next your *Home*.

THE

IMPOSSIBILITY CONQUERED:

OR,

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR AS YOURSELF.

IN THE MANNER OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE OBJECTOR.

I.

EACH man who lives the ſcriptures prove,
Muſt as himſelf his neighbour love;
But tho' the precept's full of beauty,
'Tis an impracticable duty:
I'll prove how hard it is to find
A lover of this wond'rous kind.

II.

Who loves himſelf to great exceſs,
You'll grant *muſt* love his neighbour leſs;
When ſelf engroſſes all the heart
How can another have a part?

Then if ſelf-love moſt men enthrall,
A neighbour's ſhare is none at all.

III.

Say, can the man who hoards up pelf
E'er love his neighbour as himſelf?
For if he did, wou'd he not labour
To hoard a little for his neighbour?
Then tell me, friend, can hoarding elves
E'er love their neighbour as themſelves?

IV.

The man whoſe heart is bent on *pleaſure*
Small love will to his neighbour meaſure:
Who ſolely ſtudies his own good,
Can't love another if he wou'd.
Then how can pleaſure-hunting elves
E'er love their neighbour as themſelves?

V.

Can he whom ſloth and loitering pleaſe
E'er love his neighbour like his *eaſe?*
Or he who feels ambition's flame
Loves he is neighbour like his *fame?*
Such lazy, or ſuch ſoaring elves
Can't love their neighbour as themſelves.

He

VI.

He, whose gross appetites enslave him,
Who spends or feasts the wealth GOD gave him;
Full, pamper'd, gorg'd at ev'ry meal,
He *cannot* for the empty feel.
How can such *gormandizing* elves
E'er love their neighbour as themselves?

VII.

Then since the man who lusts for *gold*,
Since he who is to *pleasure* sold;
Who soars in *pride*, or sinks in *ease*,
His neighbour will not serve or please;
Where shall we hope the man to find
To fill this great command inclin'd?

VIII.

I dare not blame GOD's holy word,
Nor censure scripture as absurd;
But sure the rule's of no avail
If plac'd so high that all must fail;
And 'tis *impossible* to prove
That *any* can his neighbour love.

THE ANSWERER.

IX.

Yes ſuch there are of heav'nly mould,
Unwarp'd by pleaſure, eaſe or gold;
He who fulfils the nobler part
By loving GOD with all his heart;
He, only he, the ſcriptures prove,
Can, as himſelf, his *neighbour* love.

X.

Then join, to make a perfect plan,
The love of GOD to love of MAN;
Your heart in union both muſt bring,
This is the ſtream, and that the ſpring;
This done, no more in vain you'll labour,
A chriſtian can't *but* love his neighbour.

XI.

If then the rule's too hard to pleaſe ye,
Turn chriſtian, and you'll find it eaſy.
"Still 'tis impoſſible," you cry,
"In vain ſhall feeble nature try."
'Tis true; but know a CHRISTIAN is a creature,
Who does things quite impoſſible to nature.

INSCRIPTION

IN A BEAUTIFUL RETREAT, CALLED FAIRY BOWER.

Airy ſpirits, you who love
Cooling bow'r, or ſhady grove;
Streams that murmur as they flow,
Zephyrs bland that ſoftly blow;

Babbling echo, or the tale
Of the love-lorn Nightingale;
Hither, airy ſpirits, come,
This is your peculiar home.

If you love a verdant glade,
If you love a noon-tide ſhade,
Hither, Sylphs and Fairies fly,
Unobſerv'd of earthly eye.

Come, and wander ev'ry night,
By the moon-beam's glimm'ring light;
And again at early day
Bruſh the ſilver dews away.

Mark where firſt the daiſies blow,
Where the blueſt violets grow;
Where the ſweeteſt linnet ſings,
Where the earlieſt cowſlip ſprings;

Where the largeſt acorn lies,
Precious in a Fairy's eyes:
Sylphs, tho' unconfin'd to place,
Love to fill an acorn's ſpace.

Come, and mark within what buſh
Builds the blackbird or the thruſh;
Great his joy who firſt eſpies,
Greater his who ſpares the prize!

Come, and watch the hallow'd bow'r,
Chaſe the inſect from the flow'r;
Little offices like theſe,
Gentle ſouls and Fairies pleaſe.

Mortals! form'd of groſſer clay,
From our haunts keep far away;
Or, if you ſhou'd dare appear,
See that you from vice are clear.

Folly's minion, Fashion's fool,
Mad ambition's restless tool!
Slave of passion, slave of pow'r,
Fly, ah fly! this tranquil bow'r!

Son of av'rice, soul of frost,
Wretch! of Heav'n abhorr'd the most,
Learn to pity others' wants,
Or avoid these hallow'd haunts.

Eye unconscious of a tear,
When affliction's train appear;
Heart that never heav'd a sigh,
For another, come not nigh.

But, ye darling sons of Heav'n,
Giving freely what was giv'n;
You, whose lib'ral hands dispense
The blessings of benevolence:

You, who wipe the tearful eye,
You, who stop the rising sigh;
You, whose souls have understood
The luxury of doing good,

Come,

Come, ye happy virtuous few,
Open is my bow'r to you ;
You, thefe moffy banks may prefs ;
You, each guardian Fay fhall blefs.

THE BAD BARGAIN:

OR,

THE WORLD SET UP TO SALE.

THE Devil, as the ſcriptures ſhew,
Tempts ſinful mortals high and low;
And acting well his various part,
Suits ev'ry bribe to ev'ry heart:
See there the Prince of Darkneſs ſtands
With baits for ſouls in both his hands.

To one he offers empires whole,
And gives a ſceptre for a ſoul;
To one, he freely gives in barter,
A peerage, or a ſtar and garter;
To one, he pays polite attention,
And begs him juſt to take a penſion.

Some are ſo fired with love of fame,
He bribes them by an empty name;
For fame they toil, they preach, they write,
Give alms, build hoſpitals, or fight;
For human praiſe renounce ſalvation,
And ſell their ſouls for reputation.

But the great gift, the mighty bribe,
Which Satan pours amid the tribe,
Which millions ſeize with eager haſte,
And all deſire at leaſt to taſte,
Is—plodding reader!—what d'ye think?
Alas!—'tis money—money—chink!

Round the wide world the tempter flies,
Preſents to view the glittering prize;
See how he haſtes from ſhore to ſhore,
And how the nations all adore:
Souls flock by thouſands to be ſold,
Smit with the fond deſire of gold.

See, at yon needy tradeſman's ſhop,
The univerſal tempter ſtop;

"Would'ſt thou," he cries, "encreaſe thy treaſures,
"Uſe lighter weights and ſcantier meaſures,
"Thus thou ſhalt thrive:" the trader's willing,
And ſells his ſoul to get a ſhilling.

Next Satan to a farmer hies,
"I ſcorn to cheat," the farmer cries;
Yet ſtill his heart on wealth is bent,
And ſo the Devil is content;
Now markets riſe, and riches roll,
And Satan quite ſecures his ſoul.

Mark next yon cheerful youth ſo jolly,
So fond of laughter and of folly;
He hates a ſtingy griping fellow,
But gets each day a little mellow;
To Satan too he ſells his ſoul
In barter for a flowing bowl.

But mark again yon laſs a ſpinning,
See how the tempter is beginning:
Some beau preſents a top-knot nice,
She grants her virtue as the price;

A ſlave

A ſlave to vanity's control,
She, for a ribbon, ſells her ſoul!

Thus Satan tries each different ſtate,
With mighty bribes he tempts the great;
The poor, with equal force he plies,
But wins them with an humbler prize:
Has gentler arts for young beginners,
And fouler ſins for older ſinners.

Oft too he cheats our mortal eyes,
For Satan father is of lies;
A thouſand ſwindling tricks he plays us,
And promiſes, but never pays us;
Thus we poor fools are ſtrangely caught,
And find we've ſold our ſouls for nought.

Nay, oft, with quite a juggler's art,
He bids the proffer'd gift depart;
Sets ſome gay joy before our face,
Then claps a trouble in its place;
Turns up ſome loſs for promis'd gain,
And conjures pleaſure into pain.

Be wise then, oh! ye worldly tribe,
Nor sell your conscience for a bribe;
When Satan tempts you to begin,
Resist him, and refuse to sin:
Bad is the bargain on the whole,
To gain the world and lose the soul!

BALLADS*.

ROBERT AND RICHARD:

OR,

THE GHOST OF POOR MOLLY,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN RICHARD'S MILL-POND.

Tune—" Collins's Mulberry Tree."

QUOTH Richard to Bob, " Let things go as they
" will,
" Of pleaſure and fun I will ſtill have my fill;
" In frolic and mirth I ſee nothing amiſs,
" And tho' I get tipſy, *what harm is in this?*

" For

* From the Cheap Repoſitory.

" For ev'n Solomon ſays, and I vow he ſays truth,
" Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy
" youth."
" I'm glad," anſwered Bob, " you're of Solomon's
" creed,
" But I beg, if you quote him, you'll pleaſe to
" proceed;

" For God (as the wiſe man continues to ſing)
" Thy ſoul into judgment for all this will bring.
" Thus a man may get plung'd in a woeful
" abyſs,
" By chooſing to ſay, *Pray what harm is in this?*"

" Come, come," ſays gay Richard, " don't grudge
" me a cup,
" I'm reſolv'd, while I'm able, I'll ſtill keep it up;
" Let old grey-beards deny that in frolic there's
" bliſs,
" I'll game, love, and drink—*and what harm is in*
" *this?*"

Says

Says Robert, "I grant if you live for to-day,
"You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic
"away;
"But then, my dear Dick, I again muſt contend,
"That the Wiſe Man has bid us—*Remember the*
"end!"

Says Richard, "When ſickneſs or peeviſh old age
"Shall advance to diſmiſs me from life's merry
"ſtage;
"Repentance juſt then, Boy, may not be amiſs,
"But while young I'll be jolly, *what harm is in*
this?"

They parted; and Richard his paſtimes begun,
'Twas Richard the jovial, the ſoul of all fun;
Each dancing bout, drinking bout, Dick would
attend,
And he ſung and he ſwore, *nor once thought of*
the end.

Young Molly he courted, the pride of the plain,
He promis'd her marriage, but promis'd in vain;

She trufted his vows, but fhe foon was undone,
And when fhe lamented, he thought it good fun.

Thus fcorn'd by her Richard, fad Molly run wild,
And roam'd thro' the woods with her deftitute child;
'Till Molly and Molly's poor baby were found,
One evening, in Richard's own mill-pond both drown'd.

Then his confcience grew troubled by night and by day,
But its clamour he drown'd in more drink and more play;
Still Robert exhorted, and like a true friend
He warn'd him and pray'd him *to think on the end!*

Now difturb'd in his dreams, poor Molly each night
With her babe ftood before him, how fad was the fight!

O how

O how ghaſtly ſhe look'd as ſhe bade him attend,
And ſo awfully told him, "*Remember the end.*"

She talk'd of the woes and unquenchable fire
Which await the licentious, the drunkard, and
liar:
How he ruin'd more maidens, ſhe bade him be-
ware,
Then ſhe wept, and ſhe groan'd, and ſhe vaniſh'd
in air.

Now beggar'd by gaming, diſtemper'd by drink,
Death ſtar'd in his face, yet he dar'd not to
think;
Deſpairing of mercy, deſpiſing all truth,
He dy'd of old age in the prime of his youth.

On his tomb-ſtone, good Robert, theſe verſes
engrav'd,
Which he hop'd ſome gay fellow might read and
be ſav'd:

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies a poor youth, who call'd drinking his
blifs,
And was ruin'd, by faying, *What harm is in this?*
Let each paffer by to his error attend,
And learn of poor Dick to *remember the end!*

THE CARPENTER:

OR,

THE DANGER OF EVIL COMPANY.

THERE was a young weſt country man,
  A carpenter by trade,
A ſkilful wheelwright too was he,
  And few ſuch waggons made.

No man a tighter barn could build,
  Throughout his native town;
Thro' many a village round was he
  The beſt of workmen known.

His father left him what he had,
  In ſooth it was enough,
His ſhining pewter, pots of braſs,
  And all his houſehold ſtuff.

A little cottage too he had,
For eaſe and comfort plann'd;
And that he might not lack for ought,
An acre of good land.

A pleaſant orchard too there was,
Before his cottage door;
Of cider and of corn likewiſe,
He had a little ſtore.

Active and healthy, ſtout and young,
No buſineſs wanted he;
Now tell me, Reader, if you can,
What man more bleſt cou'd be?

To make his comfort quite complete,
He had a faithful Wife;
Frugal, and neat, and good was ſhe,
The bleſſing of his life.

Where is the Lord, or where the Squire,
Had greater cauſe to praiſe,
The goodneſs of that bounteous hand
Which bleſt his proſp'rous days?

Each

Each night when he return'd from work,
His wife ſo meek and mild,
His little ſupper gladly dreſs'd,
While he careſs'd his child.

One blooming babe was all he had,
His only darling dear,
The object of their equal love,
The ſolace of their care.

O what cou'd ruin ſuch a life,
And ſpoil ſo fair a lot ?
O what cou'd change ſo kind a heart,
And ev'ry virtue blot ?

With grief the cauſe I muſt relate,
The diſmal cauſe reveal ;
'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,
The ſource of ev'ry ill.

A Cooper came to live hard by,
Who did his fancy pleaſe ;
An idle rambling man was he,
Who oft had croſs'd the ſeas.

This

This man could tell a merry tale,
And ſing a merry ſong;
And thoſe who heard him ſing or talk,
Ne'er thought the ev'ning long.

But vain and vicious was the ſong,
And wicked was the tale;
And ev'ry pauſe he always fill'd,
With cider, gin, or ale.

Our Carpenter delighted much
To hear the Cooper talk;
And with him to the alehouſe oft,
Wou'd take his ev'ning walk.

At firſt he did not care to drink,
But only lik'd the fun;
But ſoon he from the Cooper learnt,
The ſame ſad courſe to run.

He ſaid the Cooper's company
Was all for which he car'd;
But ſoon he drank as much as he,
To ſwear like him ſoon dar'd.

His

His hammer now neglected lay,
For work he little car'd;
Half finished wheels, and broken tools,
Were strew'd about his yard.

To get him to attend his work,
No prayers cou'd now prevail;
His hatchet and his plane forgot,
He never drove a nail.

His chearful ev'nings now no more
With peace and plenty smil'd;
No more he sought his pleasing wife,
Nor hugg'd his smiling child.

For not his drunken nights alone,
Were with the Cooper past;
His days were at the Angel spent,
And still he stay'd the last.

No handsome Sunday suit was left,
Nor decent Holland shirt;
No nosegay mark'd the Sabbath-morn,
But all was rags and dirt.

No

No more his church he did frequent,
A ſymptom ever ſad;
Where once the Sunday is miſpent,
The week days muſt be bad.

The cottage mortgag'd for its worth,
The fav'rite orchard ſold;
He ſoon began to feel th' effects
Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter diſhes one by one,
Were pawn'd, till none were left;
And wife and babe at home remain'd
Of ev'ry help bereft.

By chance he call'd at home one night,
And in a ſurly mood,
He bade his weeping wife go get
Immediately ſome food.

His empty cupboard well he knew
Muſt needs be bare of bread;
No raſher on the rack he ſaw,
Whence cou'd he then be fed?

His

His wife * a piteous ſigh did heave,
And then before him laid,
A baſket cover'd with a cloth,
But not a word ſhe ſaid.

Then to her huſband gave a knife,
With many a ſilent tear,
In haſte he tore the cover off,
And ſaw his child lie there.

" There lies thy babe," the mother ſaid,
" Oppreſs'd with famine ſore;
" O kill us both—'twere kinder far,
" We cou'd not ſuffer more.

The Carpenter, ſtruck to the heart,
Fell on his knees ſtraitway,
He wrung his hands—confeſs'd his ſins,
And did both weep and pray.

From that ſame hour the Cooper more
He never wou'd behold;
Nor wou'd he to the alehouſe go,
Had it been pav'd with gold.

His

* See Berquin's Gardener.

His wife forgave him all the paſt,
And ſooth'd his ſorrowing mind,
And much he griev'd that e'er he wrong'd
The worthieſt of her kind.

By lab'ring hard, and working late,
By induſtry and pains,
His cottage was at length redeem'd,
And ſav'd were all his gains.

His Sundays now at church were ſpent,
His home was his delight;
The following verſe himſelf he made,
And read it ev'ry night.

The drunkard murders child and wife,
Nor matters it a pin,
Whether he ſtabs them with his knife,
Or ſtarves them with his gin.

THE RIOT:

OR, HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JACK ANVIL AND TOM HOD.

To the Tune of "A Cobler there was."

Written in Ninety-five, a Year of Scarcity and Alarm.

TOM.

COME, neighbours, no longer be patient and quiet,
Come let us go kick up a bit of a riot;
I'm hungry, my lads, but I've little to eat,
So we'll pull down the mills, and we'll ſeize all
the meat:
I'll give you good ſport, boys, as ever you ſaw,
So a fig for the juſtice, a fig for the law.
Derry down.

Then

Then his pitchfork Tom feiz'd—Hold a moment, fays Jack,
I'll fhew thee thy blunder, brave boy, in a crack,
And if I don't prove we had better be ftill,
I'll affift thee ftraitway to pull down ev'ry mill;
I'll fhew thee how paffion thy reafon does cheat,
Or I'll join thee in plunder for bread and for meat.
Derry down.

What a whimfey to think thus our bellies to fill,
For we ftop all the grinding by breaking the mill!
What a whimfey to think we fhall get more to eat
By abufing the butchers who get us the meat!
What a whimfey to think we fhall mend our fpare diet
By breeding difturbance, by murder and riot!
Derry down.

Becaufe I am dry, 'twould be foolifh, I think,
To pull out my tap and to fpill all my drink;
Becaufe I am hungry and want to be fed,
That is fure no wife reafon for wafting my bread:
And

And juſt ſuch wiſe reaſons for mending their diet
Are us'd by thoſe blockheads who ruſh into riot.
Derry down.

I wou'd not take comfort from others' diſtreſſes,
But ſtill I wou'd mark how God our land bleſſes;
For tho' in Old England the times are but ſad,
Abroad I am told they are ten times as bad;
In the land of the Pope there is ſcarce any grain,
And 'tis worſe ſtill, they ſay, both in Holland
and Spain.
Derry down.

Let us look to the harveſt our wants to beguile,
See the lands with rich crops how they ev'ry
where ſmile!
Meantime to aſſiſt us, by each Weſtern breeze,
Some corn is brought daily acroſs the ſalt ſeas!
Of tea we'll drink little, of gin none at all,
And we'll patiently wait and the prices will fall.
Derry down.

But if we're not quiet, then let us not wonder
If things grow much worſe by our riot and plunder;

And let us remember whenever we meet,
The more ale we drink, boys, the lefs we fhall
eat.
On thofe days fpent in riot *no* bread you brought
home,
Had you fpent them in labour your muft have
had *fome*.
Derry down.

A dinner of herbs, fays the wife man, with quiet,
Is better than beef amid difcord and riot.
If the thing cou'd be help'd I'm a foe to all ftrife,
And I pray for a peace ev'ry night of my life;
But in matters of ftate not an inch will I budge,
Becaufe I conceive I'm no very good judge.
Derry down.

But tho' poor, I can work, my brave boy, with
the beft,
Let the King and the Parliament manage the
reft;
I lament both the War and the Taxes together,
Tho' I verily think they don't alter the weather.

The

The King, as I take it, with very good reafon,
May prevent a bad law, but can't help a bad
feafon.
Derry down.

The parliament men, altho' great is their power,
Yet they cannot contrive us a bit of a fhower;
And I never yet heard, tho' our rulers are wife,
That they know very well how to manage the
fkies;
For the beft of them all, as they found to their
coft,
Were not able to hinder laft winter's hard froft.
Derry down.

Befides, I muft fhare in the wants of the times,
Becaufe I have had my full fhare in its crimes;
And I'm apt to believe the diftrefs which is fent,
Is to punifh and cure us of all difcontent.
—But harveft is coming—Potatoes are come!
Our profpect clears up; ye complainers be
dumb!
Derry down.

And tho' I've no money, and tho' I've no lands,
I've head on my ſhoulders, and a pair of good
hands;
So I'll work the whole day, and on Sundays I'll
ſeek
At church how to bear all the wants of the week.
The gentlefolks too will afford us ſupplies,
They'll ſubſcribe—and they'll give up their puddings and pies.
Derry down.

Then before I'm induc'd to take part in a Riot,
I'll aſk this ſhort queſtion—What ſhall I get by
it?
So I'll e'en wait a little till cheaper the bread,
For a mittimus hangs o'er each Rioter's head:
And when of two evils I'm aſk'd which is beſt,
I'd rather be hungry than hang'd, I proteſt.
Derry down.

Quoth Tom, thou art right, if I riſe, I'm a Turk,
So he threw down his pitchfork, and went to his
work.

PATIENT JOE:

OR,

THE NEWCASTLE COLLIER.

HAVE you heard of a Collier of honeſt renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcaſtle Town?
His name it was Joſeph—you better may know
If I tell you he always was called Patient JOE.

Whatever betided, he thought it was right,
And Providence ſtill he kept ever in ſight;
To thoſe who love GOD, let things turn as they
wou'd,
He was certain that all work'd together for good

He prais'd his Creator whatever befel;
How thankful was Joſeph when matters went well!
How ſincere were his carols of praiſe for good
health,
And how grateful for any increaſe in his wealth!

In trouble he bow'd him to God's holy will;
How contented was Jofeph when matters went
ill!
When rich and when poor he alike underftood
That all things together were working for good.

If the land was afflicted with war, he declar'd,
'Twas a needful correction for fins which *he*
fhar'd:
And when merciful Heav'n bade flaughter to ceafe,
How thankful was Joe for the bleffing of peace!

When taxes ran high, and provifions were dear,
Still Jofeph declar'd he had nothing to fear;
It was but a trial he well underftood,
From Him who made all work together for good.

Tho' his wife was but fickly, his gettings but
fmall,
Yet a mind fo fubmiffive prepar'd him for all;
He liv'd on his gains, were they greater or lefs,
And the Giver he ceas'd not each moment to
blefs.

When

When another child came he receiv'd him with joy,
And Providence blefs'd who had fent him the boy;
But when the child dy'd—faid poor Joe, I'm content,
For God had a right to recal what he lent.

It was Jofeph's ill-fortune to work in a pit
With fome who believ'd that profanenefs was wit;
When difafters befel him much pleafure they fhew'd,
And laugh'd and faid—Jofeph, will this work for good?

But ever when thefe wou'd prophanely advance
That *this* happen'd by luck, and *that* happen'd by chance;
Still Jofeph infifted no chance cou'd be found,
Not a fparrow by accident falls to the ground.

Among his companions who work'd in the pit,
And made him the butt of their profligate wit,

Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who
gam'd,
Who mock'd at his bible, and was not aſham'd.

One day at the pit his old comrades he found,
And they chatted, preparing to go under ground;
Tim Jenkins, as uſual, was turning to jeſt,
Joe's notion—*that all things which happen'd were
beſt.*

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His proviſion for dinner, of bacon and bread,
A dog, on the watch, ſeiz'd the bread and the
meat,
And off with his prey ran with footſteps ſo fleet.

Now to ſee the delight that Tim Jenkins expreſt!
" Is the loſs of thy dinner too, Joe, for the beſt?"
" No doubt on't," ſaid Joe; " but as I muſt eat,
" 'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat."

So ſaying, he followed the dog a long round,
While Tim, laughing and ſwearing, went down
under ground.

Poor

Poor Joe ſoon return'd, tho' his bacon was loſt,
For the dog a good dinner had made at his coſt.

When Joſeph came back, he expected a ſneer,
But the face of each Collier ſpoke horror and fear;
What a narrow eſcape haſt thou had, they all ſaid,
The pit is fall'n in, and *Tim Jenkins* is dead!

How ſincere was the gratitude Joſeph expreſs'd!
How warm the compaſſion which glow'd in his
breaſt!
Thus events great and ſmall, if aright underſtood,
Will be found to be working together for good.

" When my meat," Joſeph cry'd, " was juſt now
" ſtol'n away,
" And I had no proſpect of eating to-day,
" How cou'd it appear to a ſhort-ſighted ſinner,
" That my life wou'd be ſav'd by the loſs of my
" dinner?"

THE GIN SHOP:

OR,

A PEEP INTO A PRISON.

Look thro' the land from north to fouth,
And look from eaft to weft,
And fee what is to Englifhmen
Of life the deadlieft peft.

It is not want, tho' that is bad,
Nor war, tho' that is worfe;
But Britons brave endure, alas!
A felf-inflicted curfe.

Go where you will, throughout the realm,
You'll find the reigning fin,
In cities, villages, and towns,
—The monfter's name is Gin.

The

The prince of darknefs never fent
To man a deadlier foe;
"My name is Legion," it may fay,
The fource of many a woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The labourer of his wealth;
That is not all, it murders too
His honeft name and health.

We fay the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true,
But, drunkards, to your wives and babes,
They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is felf-impos'd,
Like ev'ry other fin;
The taxes altogether lay
No weight fo great as Gin.

The State compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game,
'Tis Gin and gambling fink him down
To rags, and want, and fhame.

The kindeſt huſband, chang'd by GIN,
Is for a tyrant known;
The tend'reſt heart that nature made,
Becomes a heart of ſtone.

In many a houſe the harmleſs babes
Are poorly cloth'd and and fed,
Becauſe the craving GIN-SHOP takes
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,
Thro' many a London ſtreet,
And ſee the cauſe of penury
In hundreds we ſhall meet.

We ſhall not need to travel far—
Behold that great man's door,
He well diſcerns yon idle crew
From the deſerving poor.

He will relieve with liberal hand
The child of honeſt thrift;
But where long ſcores at GIN-SHOPS ſtand,
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold

Behold that ſhiv'ring female there,
Who plies her woeful trade!
'Tis ten to one you'll find that GIN,
That hopeleſs wretch has made.

Look down thoſe ſteps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground,
There ev'ry want and ev'ry woe,
And ev'ry ſin is found.

Thoſe little wretches trembling there,
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parents' love of GIN,
To ſin and miſery ſold.

Bleſt be thoſe friends * to human kind
Who take theſe wretches up,
Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs
Of their ſad parents' cup.

Look thro' that priſon's iron bars,
Look thro' that diſmal grate,
And learn what dire misfortune brought
So terrible a fate.

The

* The Philanthropic Society.

The debtor and the felon too,
Tho' differing much in ſin,
Too oft you'll find were thither brought
By all-deſtroying GIN.

Yet Heav'n forbid I ſhould confound
Calamity with guilt!
Or name the debtor's leſſer fault
With blood of brother ſpilt.

To priſon dire misfortune oft
The guiltleſs debtor brings;
Yet oftner far it will be found
From GIN the miſery ſprings.

See the pale manufact'rer there,
How lank and lean he lies!
How haggard is his ſickly cheek!
How dim his hollow eyes!

He plied the loom with good ſucceſs,
His wages ſtill were high,
Twice what the village lab'rer gains,
His maſter did ſupply.

No

No book-debts kept him from his caſh
All paid as ſoon as due;
His wages on the Saturday
To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains ſuffic'd,
On wife and children ſpent!
But all muſt for his pleaſures go,
All to the GIN-SHOP went.

See that apprentice, young in years,
But hackney'd long in ſin,
What made him rob his maſter's till?
Alas! 'twas love of GIN.

That ſerving-man—I knew him once,
So jaunty, ſpruce, and ſmart!
Why did he ſteal, then pawn the plate?
'Twas GIN enſnar'd his heart.

But hark! what diſmal ſound was that?
'Tis Saint Sepulchre's bell!
It tolls, alas, for human guilt!
Some malefactor's knell.

O! woeful

O! woeful ſound! O! what could cauſe
Such puniſhment and ſin?
Hark! hear his words, he owns the cauſe—
'Bad company and Gin.

And when the future lot is fix'd
Of darkneſs, fire, and chains,
How can the drunkard hope to 'ſcape
Thoſe everlaſting pains?

For if the murd'rer's doom'd to woe,
As holy-writ declares,
The drunkard with self-murderers,
That dreadful portion ſhares.

TALES.

THE

TWO GARDENERS.

Two Gardeners once beneath an oak,
Lay down to reſt, when Jack thus ſpoke—
" You muſt confeſs, dear Will, that Nature
" Is but a blund'ring kind of creature;
" And I—nay, why that look of terror?
" Cou'd teach her how to mend her error."
" Your talk," quoth Will, " is bold and odd,
" What you call Nature, I call God."
" Well, call him by what name you will,"
Quoth Jack, " he manages but ill;
" Nay, from the very tree we're under,
" I'll prove that Providence can blunder."
Quoth Will, " Through thick and thin you daſh,
" I ſhudder, Jack, at words ſo raſh;

" I truſt to what the Scriptures tell,
" He *hath done always* all things well."
Quoth Jack, " I'm lately grown a wit,
" And think all good a *lucky hit*.
" To prove that Providence can err,
" Not words, but facts, the truth aver.
" To this vaſt oak lift up thine eyes,
" Then view that acorn's paltry ſize;
" How fooliſh! on a tree ſo tall,
" To place that tiny cup and ball.
" Now look again, yon pompion * ſee,
" It weighs two pounds at leaſt, nay three;
" Yet this large fruit, where is it found?
" Why, meanly trailing on the ground.
" Had Providence aſk'd my advice,
" I wou'd have chang'd it in a trice;
" I wou'd have ſaid at nature's birth,
" Let acorns creep upon the earth;
" But let the pompion, vaſt and round,
" On the oak's lofty boughs be found."

He

* A Gourd.

He ſaid—and as he raſhly ſpoke,
Lo! from the branches of the oak,
A wind, which ſuddenly aroſe,
Beat ſhow'rs of acorns on his noſe;
"Oh! oh!" quoth Jack, "I'm wrong, I ſee,
"And God is wiſer far than me.
"For did a ſhow'r of pompions large,
"Thus on my naked face diſcharge,
"I had been bruis'd and blinded quite,
"What heav'n appoints I find is right:
"Whene'er I'm tempted to rebel,
"I'll think how light the acorns fell;
"Whereas on oaks had pompions hung,
"My broken ſkull had ſtopp'd my tongue."

THE

LADY AND THE PYE:

OR,

KNOW THYSELF.

A WORTHY Squire of ſober life,
Had a conceited boaſting wife;
Of *him* ſhe daily made complaint,
Herſelf ſhe thought a very ſaint.
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors build her fame.
Her fav'rite ſubject of diſpute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
"Had I been Eve," ſhe often cried,
"Man had not fall'n, nor woman died;
"I ſtill had kept the orders giv'n,
"Nor for an apple loſt my heav'n;

"To

"To gratify my curious mind
"I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;
"Nor from a vain defire to know,
"Entail'd on all my race fuch woe."
The Squire reply'd, "I fear 'tis true,
"The fame ill fpirit lives in you;
"Tempted alike, I dare believe,
"You wou'd have difobey'd like Eve."
The lady ftorm'd, and ftill deny'd
Sin, curiofity, and pride.
The Squire, fome future day at dinner,
Refolv'd to try this boaftful finner;
He griev'd fuch vanity poffeft her,
And thus in ferious terms addrefs'd her:
"Madam, the ufual fplendid feaft,
"With which our wedding day is grac'd,
"With you I muft not fhare to-day,
"For bufinefs fummons me away.
"Of all the dainties I've prepar'd,
"I beg not any may be fpar'd;
"Indulge in ev'ry coftly difh,
"Enjoy, 'tis what I really wifh;

"Only obſerve one prohibition,
"Nor think it a ſevere condition;
"On one ſmall diſh which cover'd ſtands,
"You muſt not dare to lay your hands;
"Go—diſobey not on your life,
"Or henceforth you're no more my wife."
The treat was ſerv'd, the Squire was gone,
The murm'ring lady din'd alone:
She ſaw whate'er cou'd grace a feaſt,
Or charm the eye, or pleaſe the taſte;
But while ſhe rang'd from this to that,
From ven'ſon haunch to turtle fat;
On one ſmall diſh ſhe chanc'd to light,
By a deep cover hid from ſight:
"O! here it is—yet not for me!
"I muſt not taſte, nay, dare not ſee;
"Why place it there? or why forbid
"That I ſo much as lift the lid?
"Prohibited of this to eat,
"I care not for the ſumptuous treat;
"I wonder if 'tis fowl or fiſh,
"To know what's there I merely wiſh.

"I'll

"I'll look—O no, I loſe for ever,
"If I'm betray'd, my huſband's favour.
"I own I think it vaſtly hard,
"Nay, tyranny, to be debarr'd.
"John, you may go—the wine's decanted,
"I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."
Now left alone, ſhe waits no longer,
Temptation preſſes more and ſtronger.
"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
"For tho' I peep, I will not touch;
"Why I'm forbid to lift this cover,
"One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.
"My huſband's abſent, ſo is John,
"My peeping never can be known."
Trembling, ſhe yielded to her wiſh,
And rais'd the cover from the diſh:
She ſtarts—for lo! an open pye
From which ſix living ſparrows fly.
She calls, ſhe ſcreams, with wild ſurpriſe,
"Haſte, John, and catch theſe birds," ſhe cries.
John hears not; but to crown her ſhame,
In at her call her huſband came.

Sternly he frown'd as thus he ſpoke :
" Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke !
" Self-ign'rance led you to believe
" You did not ſhare the ſin of Eve.
" Like hers, how bleſt was your condition !
" Like heav'n's, how ſmall my prohibition !
" Yet you, tho' fed with ev'ry dainty,
" Sat pining in the midſt of plenty ;
" This diſh, thus ſingled from the reſt,
" Of your obedience was the teſt ;
" Your mind, unbroke by ſelf-denial,
" Cou'd not ſuſtain this ſlender trial.
" Humility from this be taught,
" Learn candour to another's fault ;
" Go know, like Eve, from this ſad dinner,
" You're both a vain and curious ſinner."

THE PLUM-CAKES:

OR,

THE FARMER AND HIS THREE SONS.

A FARMER, who ſome wealth poſſeſt,
With three fine boys was alſo bleſt;
The lads were healthy, ſtout, and young,
And neither wanted ſenſe nor tongue.
Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
Lov'd tops and marbles, ſport and toys.
The father ſcouted that falſe plan,
That money only makes the man;
But, to the beſt of his diſcerning,
Was bent on giving them good learning:
He was a man of obſervation,
No ſcholar, yet had penetration;
So with due care, a ſchool he ſought,
Where his young ſons might well be taught.
Quoth he, "I know not which rehearſes
"Moſt properly his themes or verſes;

"Yet

"Yet I can do a father's part,
"And ſchool the temper, mind, and heart;
"The natural bent of each I'll know,
"And trifles beſt that bent may ſhow."
'Twas juſt before the cloſing year,
When Chriſtmas holidays were near,
The farmer call'd to ſee his boys,
And aſk'd how each his time employs.
Quoth Will, "There's father, boys, without,
"He's brought us ſomething good, no doubt."
The father ſees their merry faces,
With joy beholds them, and embraces.
"Come, boys, of home you'll have your fill."
"Yes, Chriſtmas now is near," ſays Will;
"'Tis juſt twelve days—theſe notches ſee,
"My notches with the days agree."
"Well," ſaid the Sire, "again I'll come,
"And gladly fetch my brave boys home.
"You two the dappled mare ſhall ride,
"Jack mount the poney by my ſide;
"Mean time, my lads, I've brought you here
"No ſmall proviſion of good cheer."

Then

Then from his pocket ſtrait he takes
A vaſt profuſion of plum-cakes;
He counts them out, a plenteous ſtore,
No boy ſhall have or leſs or more;
Twelve cakes he gives to each dear ſon,
When each expected only one;
And then, with many a kind expreſſion,
He leaves them to their own diſcretion;
Reſolv'd to mark the uſe each made
Of what he to their hands convey'd.
The twelve days paſt, he comes once more,
And brings the horſes to the door;
The boys with rapture ſee appear
The poney and the dappled mare;
Each moment now an hour they count,
And crack their whips and long to mount.
As with the boys his ride he takes,
He aſks the hiſtory of the cakes.
Says Will, "Dear father, life is ſhort,
"So I reſolv'd to make quick ſport;
"The cakes were all ſo nice and ſweet,
"I thought I'd have one jolly treat;

"Why

" Why ſhou'd I balk, ſaid I, my taſte ?
" I'll make at once a hearty feaſt.
" So ſnugly by myſelf I fed,
" When ev ry boy was gone to bed ;
" I gorg'd them all, both paſte and plum,
" And did not ſpare a ſingle crumb ;
" Indeed they made me, to my ſorrow,
" As ſick as death upon the morrow ;
" This made me mourn my rich repaſt,
" And wiſh I had not fed ſo faſt."
Quoth Jack, " I was not ſuch a dunce,
" To eat my quantum up at once ;
" And tho' the boys all long'd to clutch 'em,
" I would not let a creature touch 'em ;
" Nor tho' the whole were in my pow'r,
" Wou'd I one ſingle cake devour ;
" Thanks to the uſe of keys and locks,
" They're all now ſnug within my box ;
" The miſchief is, by hoarding long,
" They're grown ſo mouldy and ſo ſtrong,
" I find they won't be fit to eat,
" And I have loſt my father's treat."

" Well,

"Well, Tom," the anxious parent cries,
" How did you manage?" Tom replies,
" I ſhunn'd each wide extreme to take,
" To glut my maw, or hoard my cake;
" I thought each day its wants would have,
" And appetite again might crave;
" Twelve ſchool-days ſtill my notches counted,
" To twelve my father's cakes amounted;
" So ev'ry day I took out one,
" But never ate my cake alone;
" With ev'ry needy boy I ſhar'd,
" And more than half I always ſpar'd.
" One ev'ry day, 'twixt ſelf and friend,
" Has brought my dozen to an end:
" My laſt remaining cake to-day
" I wou'd not touch, but gave away;
" A boy was ſick, and ſcarce cou'd eat,
" To him it prov'd a welcome treat:
" Jack call'd me ſpendthrift not to ſave;
" Will dubb'd me fool becauſe I gave;
" But when our laſt day came, I ſmil'd,
" For Will's were gone, and Jack's were ſpoil'd;

" Not hoarding much, nor eating faſt,
" I ſerv'd a needy friend at laſt."
These tales the father's thoughts employ;
" By theſe," ſaid he, " I know each boy:
" Yet Jack, who hoarded what he had,
" The world will call a frugal lad;
" And ſelfiſh, gormandiſing Will
" Will meet with friends and fav'rers ſtill:
" While moderate Tom, ſo wiſe and cool,
" The mad and vain will deem a fool:
" But I, his ſober plan approve,
" And Tom has gain'd his father's love."

APPLICATION.

So when our day of life is paſt,
And all are fairly judg'd at laſt;
The miſer and the ſenſual find
How each miſus'd the gifts aſſign'd:
While he, who wiſely ſpends and gives,
To the true ends of living lives;
'Tis ſelf-denying moderation
Gains the Great Father's approbation.

TURN THE CARPET:

OR,

THE TWO WEAVERS.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN DICK AND JOHN.

As at their work two Weavers ſat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a Weaver ſcarce cou'd eat.

"What with my brats and ſickly Wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almoſt tir'd of life;
"So hard my work, ſo poor my fare,
"'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's ſtate!
"His houſe ſo fine! his wealth ſo great!
"Heav'n is unjuſt, you muſt agree,
"Why all to him? why none to me?

"In

" In ſpite of what the Scripture teaches,
" In ſpite of all the parſon preaches,
" This world (indeed I've thought ſo long)
" Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

" Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
" 'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and ſtrange;
" The good are troubled and oppreſs'd,
" And all the wicked are the bleſs'd."

Quoth John: " Our ign'rance is the cauſe
" Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
" *Parts of his ways* alone we know,
" 'Tis all that man can ſee below.

" See'ſt thou that carpet, not half done,
" Which thou, dear Dick, haſt well begun?
" Behold the wild confuſion there,
" So rude the maſs it makes one ſtare!

" A ſtranger, ign'rant of the trade,
" Wou'd ſay, no meaning's there convey'd;
" For where's the middle, where's the border?
" Thy carpet now is all diſorder."

Quoth

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
"But ſtill in ev'ry part it fits;
"Beſides, you reaſon like a lout,
"Why, man, that *carpet's inſide out.*"

Says John, "Thou ſay'ſt the thing I mean,
"And now I hope to cure thy ſpleen;
"This world, which clouds thy ſoul with doubt,
"*Is but a carpet inſide out.*

"As when we view theſe ſhreds and ends,
"We know not what the whole intends;
"So when on earth things look but odd,
"They 're working ſtill ſome ſcheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace,
"All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
"The motley mixture we deride,
"Nor ſee the beauteous upper ſide.

"But when we reach that world of light,
"And view thoſe works of God aright,
"Then ſhall we ſee the whole deſign,
"And own the workman is divine.

" What now ſeem random ſtrokes, will there
" All order and deſign appear;
" Then ſhall we praiſe what here we ſpurn'd,
" For then the *carpet ſhall be turn'd.*"

" Thou 'rt right," quoth Dick, " no more I'll
" grumble
" That this ſad world's ſo ſtrange a jumble;
" My impious doubts are put to flight,
" For my own carpet ſets me right."

HYMNS.

THE

TRUE HEROES:

OR,

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

You who love a tale of glory,
    Liſten to the ſong I ſing;
Heroes of the Chriſtian ſtory,
    Are the heroes I ſhall bring.

Warriors of the world, avaunt!
    Other heroes me engage;
Tis not ſuch as you I want,
    Saints and Martyrs grace my page.

Warriors who the world o'ercame
    Were in brother's blood embru'd;
While the Saints of purer fame,
    Greater far, themſelves ſubdu'd.

Fearful Chriſtian! hear with wonder,
Of the Saints of whom I tell;
Some were burnt, ſome ſawn aſunder,
Some by fire or torture fell;

Some to ſavage beaſts were hurl'd,
One eſcap'd the lion's den;
Was a perſecuting world
Worthy of theſe wond'rous men?

Some in fiery furnace thrown,
Yet eſcap'd, unſing'd their hair;
There Almighty pow'r was ſhown;
For the Son of God was there.

Let us crown with deathleſs fame
Thoſe who ſcorn'd and hated fell;
Martyrs met contempt and ſhame,
Fearing nought but ſin and hell.

How the ſhow'r of ſtones deſcended,
Holy Stephen on thy head!
While his tongue the truth defended,
How the glorious Martyr bled!

See

See his fierce reviler Saul,
How he rails with impious breath!
Then obferve converted Paul,
Oft in perils, oft in death.

'Twas that God, whofe fov'reign pow'r,
Did the lion's fury 'fwage,
Cou'd alone, in one fhort hour,
Still the perfecutor's rage.

E'en a woman—women hear,
Read in Maccabees the ftory!
Conquer'd nature, love, and fear,
To obtain a crown of glory.

Seven ftout fons fhe faw expire,
(How the mother's foul was pain'd!)
Some by fword, and fome by fire,
(How the Martyr was fuftain'd!)

E'en in death's acuteft anguifh,
Each the tyrant ftill defy'd;
Each fhe faw in torture languifh,
Laft of all the mother dy'd.

Martyrs who were thus arrefted,
In their fhort but bright career;
By their blood the truth attefted,
Prov'd their faith and love fincere.

Tho' their lot was hard and lowly,
Tho' they perifh'd at the ftake,
Now they live with Chrift in glory,
Since they fuffer'd for his fake.

Fierce and unbelieving foes
But their bodies cou'd deftroy;
Short, tho' bitter were their woes,
Everlafting is their joy.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O HOW wond'rous is the ſtory
Of our bleſt Redeemer's birth !
See the mighty Lord of Glory
Leaves his heav'n to viſit earth !

Hear with tranſport, ev'ry creature,
Hear the Goſpel's joyful ſound ;
Chriſt appears in human nature,
In our ſinful world is found ;

Comes to pardon our tranſgreſſion,
Like a cloud our ſins to blot ;
Comes to his own favour'd nation,
But his own receive him not.

If the angels who attended
To declare the Saviour's birth,
Who from heav'n with ſongs deſcended
To proclaim good-will on earth ;

If, in pity to our blindnefs,
They had brought the pardon needed,
Still Jehovah's wond'rous kindnefs
Had our warmeft hopes exceeded :

If fome Prophet had been fent
With Salvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the bleft event
Cou'd their warmeft love refufe ?

But 'twas HE to whom in Heav'n
Hallelujahs never ceafe ;
He, the mighty GOD, was given,
Given to us a Prince of Peace.

None but HE who did create us
Cou'd redeem from fin and hell ;
None but HE cou'd re-inftate us
In the rank from which we fell.

Had he come, the glorious ftranger,
Deck'd with all the world calls great ;
Had he liv'd in pomp and grandeur,
Crown'd with more than royal ftate ;

Still

Still our tongues with praiſe o'erflowing,
On ſuch boundleſs love wou'd dwell;
Still our hearts, with rapture glowing,
Feel what words cou'd never tell.

But what wonder ſhou'd it raiſe
Thus our loweſt ſtate to borrow!
O the high myſterious ways,
GOD's own ſon a child of ſorrow!

'Twas to bring us endleſs pleaſure,
He our ſuff'ring nature bore;
'Twas to give us heavn'ly treaſure,
He was willing to be poor.

Come, ye rich, ſurvey the ſtable
Where your infant Saviour lies;
From your full o'erflowing table
Send the hungry good ſupplies.

Boaſt not your ennobl'd ſtations,
Boaſt not that you 're highly fed;
Jeſus, hear it, all ye nations,
Had not where to lay his head.

Learn of me, thus cries the Saviour,
If my kingdom you'd inherit;
Sinner, quit your proud behaviour,
Learn my meek and lowly ſpirit.

Come, ye ſervants, ſee your ſtation,
Freed from all reproach and ſhame;
He who purchas'd your ſalvation,
Bore a ſervant's humble name.

Come, ye poor, ſome comfort gather,
Faint not in the race you run,
Hard the lot your gracious Father
Gave his dear, his only Son.

Think, that if your humbler ſtations,
Leſs of worldly good beſtow,
You eſcape thoſe ſtrong temptations
Which from wealth and grandeur flow.

See your Saviour is aſcended!
See he looks with pity down!
Truſt him, all will ſoon be mended,
Bear his croſs, you'll ſhare his crown.

A HYMN OF PRAISE,

FOR THE

ABUNDANT HARVEST OF 1796.

AFTER A YEAR OF SCARCITY.

GREAT God! when famine threaten'd late
To fcourge our guilty land,
O did we learn from that dark fate
To dread thy mighty hand?

Did then our fins to mem'ry rife?
Or own'd we GOD was juft?
Or rais'd we penitential cries?
Or bow'd we in the duft?

Did we forfake one evil path?
Was any fin abhor'd?
Or did we deprecate thy wrath,
And turn us to the Lord?

'Tis true we fail'd not to *repine*,
But did we too *repent?*
Or own the chaſtiſement divine
In awful judgment ſent?

Tho' the bright chain of Peace be broke,
And war with ruthleſs ſword,
Unpeoples nations at a ſtroke,
Yet who regards the Lord?

But God, who in his ſtrict decrees,
Remembers mercy ſtill,
Can, in a moment, if he pleaſe,
Our hearts with comfort fill.

He mark'd our angry ſpirits riſe,
Domeſtic hate increaſe;
And for a time withheld ſupplies,
To teach us love and peace.

He, when he brings his children low,
Has bleſſings ſtill in ſtore;
And when he ſtrikes the heavieſt blow,
He loves us but the more.

Now

Now FROST, and FLOOD, and BLIGHT* no more,
Our golden harvefts fpoil;
See what an unexampled ftore
Rewards the reaper's toil!

As when the promis'd harveft fail'd
In Canaan's fruitful land;
The envious Patriarchs were affail'd
By famine's preffing hand!

The angry brothers then forgot
Each fierce and jarring feud;
United by their adverfe lot,
They lov'd as brothers fhou'd.

So here, from Heav'n's correcting hand,
Tho' famine fail'd to move;
Let plenty now throughout the land,
Rekindle peace and love.

Like the rich fool, let us not fay,
Soul! thou haft goods in ftore!
But fhake the overplus away,
To feed the hungry poor.

Let

* Thefe three vifitations followed each other in quick fucceffion.

Let rich and poor, on whom are now
Such bounteous crops beſtow'd,
Raiſe many a pure and holy vow
Of gratitude to God!

And while his gracious name we praiſe
For bread ſo kindly given;
Let us beſeech him all our days,
To give the bread of heav'n.

In that bleſt Pray'r our Lord did frame,
Of all our pray'rs the guide,
We aſk that "Hallow'd be *his* name,"
And then *our* wants ſupplied.

For grace he bids us firſt implore,
Next, that we may be fed;
We ſay, "Thy will be done," before
We aſk "our daily bread."

HERE AND THERE:

OR,

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT:

BEING SUITABLE THOUGHTS FOR A NEW YEAR.

Here bliſs is ſhort, imperfect, inſincere,
But total, abſolute, and perfect *there.*
Here time's a moment, ſhort our happieſt ſtate,
There infinite duration is our date.
Here Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the beſt,
There Satan's pow'r extends not to the bleſt.
In a weak ſinful body *here* I dwell,
But *there* I drop this frail and ſickly ſhell.
Here my beſt thoughts are ſtain'd with guilt and fear,
But love and pardon ſhall be perfect *there.*
Here my beſt duties are defil'd with ſin,
There all is eaſe without, and peace within.

Here

Here feeble faith ſupplies my only light,
There faith and hope are ſwallow'd up in ſight.
Here love of ſelf my faireſt works deſtroys,
There love of GOD ſhall perfect all my joys.
Here things, as in a glaſs, are darkly ſhown,
There I ſhall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the faireſt flow'rs which bloom below,
There freſheſt palms on roots immortal grow.
Here wants or cares perplex my anxious mind,
But ſpirits *there* a calm fruition find.
Here diſappointments my beſt ſchemes deſtroy,
There thoſe that ſow'd in tears ſhall reap in joy.
Here vanity is ſtamp'd on all below,
Perfection *there* on ev'ry good ſhall grow.
Here my fond heart is faſten'd on ſome friend,
Whoſe kindneſs *may*, whoſe life *muſt* have an end:
But *there* no failure can I ever prove,
GOD cannot diſappoint, for GOD is love.
Here Chriſt for ſinners ſuffer'd, groan'd, and bled,
But *there* he reigns the great triumphant head:
Here, mock'd and ſcourg'd, he wore a crown of thorns,
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.

Here

Here error clouds the will, and dims the ſight,
There all is knowledge, purity, and light.
Here ſo imperfect is this mortal ſtate,
If bleſt myſelf I mourn ſome other's fate.
At ev'ry human woe I *here* repine,
The joy of ev'ry ſaint ſhall *there* be mine.
Here if I lean, the world ſhall pierce my heart,
But *there* that broken reed and I ſhall part.
Here on no promis'd good can I depend,
But *there* the Rock of Ages is my friend.
Here if ſome ſudden joy delight inſpire,
The dread to loſe it damps the riſing fire;
But *there* whatever good the ſoul employ,
The thought that 'tis *eternal*, crowns the joy.

BALLADS.

THE HONEST MILLER

OF

GLOCESTERSHIRE.

A TRUE BALLAD.

Of all the callings and the trades
    Which in our land abound,
The miller's is as ufeful fure
    As can on earth be found.

The Lord or 'Squire of high degree
    Is needful to the ftate,
Becaufe he lets the land he owns
    In farms both fmall and great.

The farmer he manures the land,
    Or elfe what corn could grow?
The ploughman cuts the furrow deep
    Ere he begins to fow.

And

And tho' no wealth he has, except
The labour of his hands;
Yet honeſt induſtry's as good
As houſes or as lands.

The threſher he is uſeful too
To all who like to eat;
Unleſs he winnow'd well the corn,
The chaff wou'd ſpoil the wheat.

But vain the 'Squire's and Farmer's care,
And vain the Threſher's toil;
And vain wou'd be the Ploughman's pains
Who harrows up the ſoil;

And vain, without the miller's aid,
The ſowing and the dreſſing;
Then ſure an honeſt miller he
Muſt be a public bleſſing.

And ſuch a miller now I make
The ſubject of my ſong,
Which, tho' it ſhall be very true,
Shall not be very long.

This miller lives in Glo'ſterſhire,
I ſhall not tell his name;
For thoſe who ſeek the praiſe of God,
Deſire no other fame.

In laſt hard winter—who forgets
The froſt of ninety-five?
Then was all diſmal, ſcarce, and dear,
And no poor man cou'd thrive.

Then huſbandry long time ſtood ſtill,
And work was at a ſtand;
To make the matter worſe, the mills
Were froze throughout the land.

Our miller dwelt beſide a ſtream,
All underneath the hill;
Which flow'd amain when others froze,
Nor ever ſtopp'd the mill.

The clam'rous people came from far
This favour'd mill to find,
Both rich and poor our miller ſought,
For none but he cou'd grind.

His

His neighbours cry'd, "Now miller ſeize
"The time to heap up ſtore,
"Since thou of young and helpleſs babes
"Haſt got full half a ſcore."

For folks, when tempted to grow rich,
By means not over nice,
Oft make their num'rous babes a plea
To ſanctify the vice.

Our miller ſcorn'd ſuch counſel baſe,
And when he ground the grain,
With ſtedfaſt hand refus'd to touch
Beyond his lawful gain.

"When God afflicts the land," ſaid he,
"Shall I afflict it more?
"And watch for times of public woe
"To wrong both rich and poor?

"Thankful to that Almighty Pow'r
"Who makes my river flow,
"I'll uſe the means he gives to ſoothe
"A hungry neighbour's woe.

"My river flows when others freeze,
"But 'tis at his command;
"For rich and poor I'll grind alike,
"No bribe ſhall ſtain my hand."

So all the country who had corn
Here found their wants redreſt;
May ev'ry village in the land
Be with ſuch millers bleſt!

KING DIONYSIUS,

AND

SQUIRE DAMOCLES;

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD STORY.

PROPER TO BE SUNG AT ALL FEASTS AND MERRY MEETINGS.

THERE was a heathen man, ſir,
Belonging to a king;
And ſtill it was his plan, ſir,
To covet ev'ry thing.

And if you don't believe me,
I'll name him if you pleaſe,
For let me not deceive ye,
'Twas one Squire Damocles.

He thought that jolly living
Muſt ev'ry joy afford;
His heart knew no miſgiving,
While round the feſtive board.

He wanted to be great, ſir,
And feed on fare delicious;
And have his feaſts in ſtate, ſir,
Juſt like King Dionyſius.

The king, to cure his longing,
Prepar'd a feaſt ſo fine,
That all the court were thronging
To ſee the courtier dine.

And there to tempt his eye, ſir,
Was fiſh, and fleſh, and fowl;
And when he was a-dry, ſir,
There ſtood the brimming bowl.

Nor did the king forbid him
From drinking all he could;
The Monarch never chid him,
But fill'd him with his food.

O then,

O then, to ſee the pleaſure
  Squire DAMOCLES expreſt!
'Twas joy beyond all meaſure,
  Was ever man ſo bleſt?

With greedy eyes the Squire
  Devour'd each coſtly dainty;
You'd think he did aſpire
  To eat as much as twenty.

But juſt as he prepar'd, ſir,
  Of bliſs to take his ſwing;
O, how the man was ſcar'd, ſir,
  By this ſo cruel king!

When he to eat intended,
  Lo! juſt above his head,
He ſpied a ſword ſuſpended
  All by a ſingle thread.

How did it change the feaſting
  To wormwood and to gall,
To think, while he was taſting,
  The pointed ſword might fall.

Then in a moment's time, ſir,
He loath'd the luſcious feaſt;
And dreaded as a crime, ſir,
The brimming bowl to taſte.

Now, if you're for applying
The ſtory I have told,
I think there's no denying
'Tis worth its weight in gold.

Ye gay, who view this ſtranger,
And pity his ſad caſe;
And think there was great danger
In ſuch a fearful place;

Come, let this awful truth, ſir,
In all your minds be ſtor'd;
To each intemp'rate youth, ſir,
Death is that pointed ſword.

And tho' you ſee no reaſon
To check your mirth at all,
In ſome licentious ſeaſon
The ſword on you may fall.

So

So learn, while at your eafe, fir,
    You drink down draughts delicious;
To think of DAMOCLES, fir,
    And old king DIONYSIUS.

THE

HACKNEY COACHMAN:

OR,

THE WAY TO GET A GOOD FARE.

To the Tune of "I wish I was a Fisherman."

I AM a bold Coachman, and drive a good Hack,
With a coat of five capes that quite covers my back;
And my wife keeps a sausage-shop, not many miles
From the narrowest alley in all Broad St. Giles.

Tho' poor, we are honest and very content,
We pay as we go for meat, drink, and for rent;
To work all the week I am able and willing,
I never get drunk, and I waste not a shilling.

And

And while at a tavern my gentleman tarries,
The Coachman grows richer than he whom he
carries;
And I'd rather (ſaid I) ſince it ſaves me from ſin,
Be the driver without, than the toper within.

Yet tho' dram-ſhops I hate, and the dram-
drinking friend,
I'm not quite ſo good but I wiſh I may mend;
I repent of my ſins, ſince we all are deprav'd,
For a Coachman, I hold, has a ſoul to be ſav'd.

When a riotous multitude fills up a ſtreet,
And the greater part know not, boys, wherefore
they meet;
If I ſee there is miſchief, I never go there,
Let others get tipſy ſo I get my fare.

Now to church, if I take ſome good lady to pray,
It grieves me full ſore to be kept quite away;
So I ſtep within ſide, tho' the ſermon's begun,
For a ſlice of the ſervice is better than none.

Then

Then my glaſſes are whole, and my coach is ſo
neat,
I am always the firſt to be called in the ſtreet;
And I'm known by the name ('tis a name rather
rare)
Of the Coachman that never aſks more than his
fare.

Tho' my beaſts ſhould be dull, yet I don't uſe
them ill;
Tho' they ſtumble I ſwear not, nor cut them up
hill;
For I firmly believe there's no charm in an oath
That can make a nag trot, when to walk he is
loath.

And tho' I'm a Coachman, I'll freely confeſs,
I beg of my Maker my labours to bleſs;
I praiſe him each morning, and pray ev'ry
night,
And 'tis this makes my heart feel ſo cheerful and
light.

When I drive to a fun'ral I care not for drink,
That is not the moment to guzzle, but think;
And I wiſh I cou'd add, both of Coachman and
Maſter,
That both of us ſtrove to amend a bit faſter.

VILLAGE POLITICS.

ADDRESSED TO

ALL THE MECHANICS, JOURNEYMEN, AND LABOURERS,

IN GREAT-BRITAIN.

By WILL CHIP,

A COUNTRY CARPENTER.

[Written early in the French Revolution.]

It is a privilege to be prefcribed to in things about which our minds would otherwife be toft with various apprehenfions. And for pleafure, I fhall profefs myfelf fo far from doating on that popular Idol, Liberty, that I hardly think it poffible for any kind of obedience to be more painful than an unreftrained Liberty. Were there not true bounds, of Magiftrates, of Laws, of Piety, of Reafon in the Heart, every man would have a fool, nay, a mad Tyrant to his mafter, that would multiply him more forrows than the briars and thorns did to Adam, when he was freed from the blifs at once, and the reftraint of Paradife, and became a greater flave in the wildernefs than in the inclofure.—*Dr. Hammond's Sermons.*

VILLAGE POLITICS.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

JACK ANVIL, THE BLACKSMITH,

AND

TOM HOD, THE MASON.

Jack. WHAT's the matter, Tom? Why doſt look ſo diſmal?

Tom. Diſmal indeed! Well enough I may.

Jack. What! is the old mare dead? or work ſcarce?

Tom. No, no, work's plenty enough, if a man had but the heart to go to it.

Jack. What book art reading? Why doſt look ſo like a hang dog?

Tom (looking on his book). Caufe enough. Why I find here that I'm very unhappy, and very miferable; which I fhould never have known if I had not had the good luck to meet with this book. O 'tis a precious book!

Jack. A good fign tho'; that you can't find out you're unhappy without looking into a book for it! What is the matter?

Tom. Matter? Why I want liberty.

Jack. Liberty! That's bad indeed! What! has any one fetched a warrant for thee? Come, man, cheer up, I'll be bound for thee.—Thou art an honeft fellow in the main, tho' thou doft tipple and prate a little too much at the Rofe and Crown.

Tom. No, no, I want a new Conftitution.

Jack. Indeed! Why I thought thou hadft been a defperate healthy fellow. Send for the doctor directly.

Tom. I'm not fick; I want Liberty and Equality, and the Rights of Man.

Jack. O, now I underftand thee. What! thou art a leveller and a republican I warrant?

Tom. I'm a friend to the people. I want a reform.

Jack.

Jack. Then the ſhorteſt way is to mend thyſelf.

Tom. But I want a *general reform.*

Jack. Then let every one mend one.

Tom. Pooh! I want freedom and happineſs, the ſame as they have got in France.

Jack. What, Tom, we imitate them? We follow the French! Why they only began all this miſchief at firſt in order to be juſt what *we* are already; and what a bleſſed land muſt this be, to be in actual poſſeſſion of all they ever hoped to gain by all their hurly-burly. Imitate them indeed!—Why I'd ſooner go to the Negroes to get learning, or to the Turks to get religion, than to the French for freedom and happineſs.

Tom. What do you mean by that? ar'n't the French free?

Jack. Free, Tom! aye, free with a witneſs. They are all ſo free that there's nobody ſafe. They make free to rob whom they will, and kill whom they will. If they don't like a man's looks, they make free to hang him without judge or jury, and the next lamp-poſt ſerves for the gallows; ſo then they call themſelves free, becauſe you ſee they have no law

left to condemn them, and no King to take them up and hang them for it.

Tom. Ah, but Jack, did'nt their KING formerly hang people for nothing too? and besides, were not they all papists before the Revolution?

Jack. Why, true enough, they had but a poor sort of religion; but bad is better than none, Tom. And so was the government bad enough too; for they could clap an innocent man into prison, and keep him there too as long as they would, and never say with your leave or by your leave, Gentlemen of the Jury. But what's all that to us?

Tom. To us! Why don't our governors put many of our poor folks in prison against their will? What are all the jails for? Down with the jails, I say; all men should be free.

Jack. Harkee, Tom, a few rogues in prison keep the rest in order, and then honest men go about their business in safety, afraid of nobody; that's the way to be free. And let me tell thee, Tom, thou and I are tried by our Peers as much as a Lord is. Why the *King* can't send me to prison if I do no harm; and if I do, there's reason good why I should go there.

there. I may go to law with Sir John at the great Caſtle yonder; and he no more dares lift his little finger againſt me than if I were his equal. A Lord is hanged for hanging matter, as thou or I ſhould be; and if it will be any comfort to thee, I myſelf remember a Peer of the Realm being hanged for killing his man, juſt the ſame as the man would have been for killing *him**.

Tom. A Lord! Well, that is ſome comfort to be ſure.—But have you read the Rights of Man?

Jack. No, not I: I had rather by half read the *Whole Duty of Man*. I have but little time for reading, and ſuch as I ſhould therefore only read a bit of the beſt.

Tom. Don't tell me of thoſe old-faſhioned notions. Why ſhould not we have the ſame fine things they have got in France? I'm for a *Conſtitution*, and *Organization*, and *Equalization*, and *Fraternization*.

Jack. Do be quiet. Now, Tom, only ſuppoſe this nonſenſical equality was to take place; why it would not laſt while one could ſay

Jack

* Lord Ferrers was hanged in 1760, for killing his ſteward.

Jack Robinſon; or ſuppoſe it cou'd—ſuppoſe, in the general diviſion, our new rulers were to give us half an acre of ground a-piece; we cou'd to be ſure raiſe potatoes on it for the uſe of our families; but as every other man would be equally buſy in raiſing potatoes for *his* family, why then you ſee if thou waſt to break thy ſpade, I, whoſe trade it is, ſhould no longer be able to mend it. Neighbour Snip would have no time to make us a ſuit of clothes, nor the clothier to weave the cloth; for all the world would be gone a digging. And as to boots and ſhoes, the want of ſome one to make them for us, would be a ſtill greater grievance than the tax on leather. If we ſhould be ſick, there would be no doctor's ſtuff for us; for doctor would be digging too. And if neceſſity did not compel, and if inequality ſubſiſted, we cou'd not get a chimney ſwept, or a load of coal from pit, for love or money.

Tom. But ſtill I ſhould have no one over my head.

Jack. That's a miſtake: I'm ſtronger than thou; and Standiſh, the exciſeman, is a better ſcholar; ſo that we ſhould not remain equal a minute. I ſhou'd out-*fight* thee, and he'd out-

wit

wit thee. And if ſuch a ſturdy fellow as I am, was to come and break down thy hedge for a little firing, or take away the crop from thy ground, I'm not ſo ſure that theſe new-fangled laws wou'd ſee thee righted. I tell thee, Tom, we have a fine conſtitution already, and our fore-fathers thought ſo.

Tom. They were a pack of fools, and had never read the Rights of Man.

Jack. I'll tell thee a ſtory. When Sir John married, my Lady, who is a little fantaſtical, and likes to do every thing like the French, begged him to pull down yonder fine old caſtle, and build it up in her frippery way. No, ſays Sir John; what ſhall I pull down this noble building, raiſed by the wiſdom of my brave anceſtors; which outſtood the civil wars, and only underwent a little needful repair at the Revolution; a caſtle which all my neighbours come to take a pattern by—ſhall I pull it all down, I ſay, only becauſe there may be a dark cloſet, or an awkward paſſage, or an inconvenient room or two in it? Our anceſtors took *time* for what they did. They underſtood *foundation* work; no running up your little ſlight lath and plaiſter buildings, which

which are up in a day, and down in a night.—My lady mumpt and grumbled; but the caftle was let ftand, and a glorious building it is; tho' there may be a trifling fault or two, and tho' a few decays want ftopping; fo now and then they mend a little thing, and they'll go on mending, I dare fay, as they have leifure, to the end of the chapter, if they are let alone. But no pull-me-down works. What is it you are crying out for, Tom?

Tom. Why for a perfect government?

Jack. You might as well cry for the moon. There's nothing perfect in this world, take my word for it: tho' fir John fays, we come nearer to it than any country in the world ever did.

Tom. I don't fee why we are to work like flaves, while others roll about in their coaches, feed on the fat of the land, and do nothing.

Jack. My little maid brought home a ftory-book from the charity-fchool t'other day, in which was a bit of a fable about the belly and the limbs. The hands faid, I won't work any longer to feed this lazy belly, who fits in ftate like a Lord and does nothing. Said the feet,

feet, I won't walk and tire myſelf to carry him about; let him ſhift for himſelf; ſo ſaid all the members; juſt as your levellers and republicans do now. And what was the conſequence? Why the belly *was* pinched to be ſure, and grew thin upon it; but the hands and the feet, and the reſt of the members, ſuffered ſo much for want of their old nouriſhment, which the belly had been all the time adminiſtering, while they accuſed him of ſitting in idle ſtate, that they all fell ſick, pined away, and would have died, if they had not come to their ſenſes juſt in time to ſave their lives, as I hope all you will do.

Tom. But the times—but the taxes, Jack.

Jack. Things are dear to be ſure: but riot and murder is not the way to make them cheap. And taxes are high; but I'm told there's a deal of old ſcores paying off, and paying off by them who did not contract the debt neither, Tom. Beſides things are mending, I hope; and what little is done, is for us poor people; our candles are ſomewhat cheaper, and I dare ſay, if the honeſt gentleman who has the management of things, is not diſturbed by you levellers, things will mend every

every day. But bear one thing in mind: the more we riot, the more we ſhall have to pay: the more miſchief is done, the more will the repairs coſt: the more time we waſte in meeting to redreſs public wrongs, the more we ſhall increaſe our private wants. And mind too, that 'tis working, and not murmuring, which puts bread in our children's mouths, and a new coat on our own backs. Mind another thing too, we have not the ſame ground of complaint; in France the poor paid all the taxes, as I have heard 'em ſay, and the quality paid nothing.

Tom. Well, I know what's what, as well as another; and I'm as fit to govern—

Jack. No, Tom, no. You are indeed as good as another man, ſeeing you have hands to work, and a ſoul to be ſaved. But are all men fit for all kinds of things? Solomon ſays, "How can he be wiſe whoſe talk is of oxen?" Every one in his way. I am a better judge of a horſe-ſhoe than ſir John; but he has a deal better notion of ſtate affairs than I; and I can no more do without his employ than he can do without my farriery. Beſides, few are ſo poor but they may get a vote for a parliament-

parliament-man; and fo you fee the poor have as much fhare in the government as they well know how to manage.

Tom. But I fay all men are equal. Why fhould one be above another?

Jack. If that's thy talk, Tom, thou doft quarrel with Providence, and not with Government. For the woman is below her hufband, and the children are below their mother, and the fervant is below his mafter.

Tom. But the fubject is not below the king: all kings are "crowned ruffians:" and all governments are wicked. For my part, I'm refolved I'll pay no more taxes to any of them.

Jack. Tom, Tom, if thou didft go oftner to church, thou wou'dft know where it is faid, "Render unto Cæfar the things that are "Cæfar's;" and alfo, "Fear God, honour the "King." *Your* book tells you that we need obey no government but that of the people; and that we may fafhion and alter the government according to our whimfies: but *mine* tells me, "Let every one be fubject "to the higher powers, for all power is of "God, the powers that be are ordained of "God; whofoever therefore refifteth the

"power,

"power, refifteth the ordinance of God." Thou fay'ft, thou wilt pay no taxes to any of them. Doft thou know who it was that work'd a miracle, that he might have money to pay tribute with, rather than fet you and me an example of difobedience to government? an example, let me tell thee, worth an hundred precepts, and of which all the wit of man can never leffen the value. Then there's another thing worth minding; when Saint Paul was giving all thofe directions, in the epiftle to the Romans, for obedience and fubmiffion; what fort of a king now doft think they had? Doft think 'twas a *Saint* which he order'd them to obey?

Tom. Why it was a kind, merciful, charitable king to be fure; one who put nobody to death or to prifon.

Jack. You was never more out in your life. Our parfon fays he was a monfter—that he robbed the rich, and murdered the poor—fet fire to his own town, as fine a place as London—fiddled to the flames, and then hanged and burnt the chriftians, who were all poor, as if they had burnt the town. Yet there's not a word about rifing.—Duties are fixed,

Tom

Tom—Laws are ſettled; a chriſtian can't pick and chooſe, whether he will obey or let it alone. But *we* have no ſuch trials. We have a King the very reverſe.

Tom. I ſay we ſhall never be happy, till we do as the French have done.

Jack. The French and we contending for liberty, Tom, is juſt as if thou and I were to pretend to run a race; thou to ſet out from the ſtarting-poſt when I am in already; thou to have all the ground to travel when I have reached the end.—Why we've got it man! we've no race to run! we're there already! Our Conſtitution is no more like what the French one was, than a mug of our Taunton beer is like a platter of their ſoup-maigre.

Tom. I know we ſhall be undone, if we don't get a new *conſtitution*—that's all.

Jack. And I know we ſhall be undone if we *do.* I don't know much about politics, but I can ſee by a little, what a great deal means. Now only to ſhew thee the ſtate of public credit, as I think Tim Standiſh calls it. There's Farmer Furrow, a few years ago he had an odd 50*l.* by him; ſo to keep it out of harm's way, he put it out to uſe, on govern-
ment

ment ſecurity, I think he calls it; well, t'other day he married one of his daughters, ſo he thought he'd give her that 50*l.* for a bit of a portion. Tom, as I'm a living man, when he went to take it out, if his fifty pounds was not almoſt grown to an hundred! and wou'd have been a full hundred, they ſay, by this time, if the gentleman had been let alone *.

Tom. Well, ſtill, as the old ſaying is—I ſhou'd like to do as they do in France.

Jack. What, ſhou'dſt like to be murdered with as little ceremony as Hackabout, the butcher, knocks down a calf? or ſhoud'ſt like to get rid of thy wife for every little bit of tiff? And as to liberty of *conſcience*, which they brag ſo much about, why they have driven away their parſons, (aye, and murdered many of 'em,) becauſe they would not ſwear as they would have them. And then they talk of liberty of the preſs; why, Tom, only t'other day they hang'd a man for printing a book againſt this pretty government of theirs.

Tom. But you ſaid yourſelf it was ſad times in France, before they pull'd down the old government.

* This was written before the war, when the funds were at the higheſt.

Jack.

Jack. Well, and ſuppoſe the French were as much in the right as I know them to be in the wrong; what does that argue for *us?* Becauſe my neighbour Furrow, t'other day pull'd down a crazy old barn, is that a reaſon why I muſt ſet fire to my tight cottage?

Tom. I don't ſee for all that why one man is to ride in his coach and ſix, while another mends the highway for him.

Jack. I don't ſee why the man in the coach is to *drive over* the man on foot, or hurt a hair of his head, any more than you. And as to our great folks, that you levellers have ſuch a ſpite againſt; I don't pretend to ſay they are a bit better than they ſhould be; but that's no affair of mine; let them look to that; they'll anſwer for that in another place. To be ſure, I wiſh they'd ſet us a better example about going to church, and thoſe things: but ſtill *hoarding*'s not the ſin of the age; they don't lock up their *money*—away it goes, and every body's the better for it. They do ſpend too much, to be ſure, in feaſtings and fandangoes; and ſo far from commending them for it, if I was a parſon I'd go to work with 'em, but it ſhould be in another kind of way; but as I am

only a poor tradesman, why 'tis but bringing more grist to my mill. It all comes among the people. Their very extravagance, for which, as I said before, their parsons should be at them, is a fault by which, as poor men, we are benefited; so you cry out just in the wrong place.—Their coaches and their furniture, and their buildings and their planting, employ a power of tradesmen and labourers. Now in this village, what should we do without the castle? Tho' my lady is too rantipolish, and flies about all summer to hot water and cold water, and fresh water and salt water, when she ought to stay at home with Sir John; yet when she does come down, she brings such a deal of gentry that I have more horses than I can shoe, and my wife more linen than she can wash. Then all our grown children are servants in the family, and rare wages they have got. Our little boys get something every day by weeding their gardens, and the girls learn to sew and knit at Sir John's expence; who sends them all to school of a Sunday besides.

Tom. Aye, but there's not Sir Johns in every village.

Jack. The more's the pity. But there's other help. 'Twas but laſt year you broke your leg, and was nine weeks in the Briſtol Infirmary, where you was taken as much care of as a lord, and your family was maintained all the while by the pariſh. No poor-rates in France, Tom; and here there's a matter of two million and a half paid for the poor every year, if 'twas but a little better managed.

Tom. Two million and a half!

Jack. Aye, indeed. Not tranſlated into ten-pences, as your French millions are, but twenty good ſhillings to the pound. But, when this levelling comes about, there will be no infirmaries, no hoſpitals, no charity-ſchools, no Sunday-ſchools, where ſo many hundred thouſand poor ſouls learn to read the word of God for nothing. For who is to pay for them? *Equality* can't afford it; and thoſe that may be willing won't be able.

Tom. But we ſhall be one as good as another for all that.

Jack. Aye, and bad will be the beſt. But we muſt work as we do now, and with this difference, that no one will be able to pay us. Tom! I have got the uſe of my limbs, of my

liberty, of the laws, and of my bible. The two firſt I take to be my *natural* rights; the two laſt my *civil* and *religious* right: theſe, I take it, are the *true Rights of Man*, and all the reſt is nothing but nonſenſe and madneſs and wickedneſs. My cottage is my caſtle; I ſit down in it at night in peace and thankfulneſs, and "no man maketh me afraid." Inſtead of indulging diſcontent, becauſe another is richer than I in this world, (for envy is at the bottom of your equality works,) I read my bible, go to church, and look forward to a treaſure in Heaven.

Tom. Aye, but the French have got it in *this* world.

Jack. 'Tis all a lye, Tom. Sir John's butler ſays his maſter gets letters which *ſay* 'tis all a lye. 'Tis all murder and nakedneſs, and hunger; many of the poor ſoldiers fight without victuals, and march without clothes. Theſe are your *democrats!* Tom.

Tom. What then, doſt think all the men on our ſide wicked?

Jack. No—not ſo neither—If ſome of the leaders are knaves, more of the followers are fools. Sir John, who is wiſer than I, ſays, the

the whole ſyſtem is the operation of fraud upon folly. They 've made fools of moſt of you, as I believe. I judge no man, Tom; I hate no man. Even republicans and levellers, I hope, will always enjoy the protection of our laws; though I hope they will never be our law-*makers*. There are many true diſſenters, and there are ſome hollow churchmen; and a good man is a good man, whether his church has got a ſteeple to it or not. The new faſhioned way of proving one's religion is to *hate* ſome-body. Now, tho' ſome folks pretend that a man's hating a papiſt, or a preſbyterian, proves him to be a good *churchman*, it don't prove him to be a good *chriſtian*, Tom. As much as I hate republican works, I'd ſcorn to *live* in a country where there was not liberty of conſcience; and where every man might not worſhip God in his own way. Now that liberty they had not in France: the bible was ſhut up in an unknown heatheniſh tongue. While here, thou and I can make as free uſe of our's as a biſhop; can no more be ſent to priſon unjuſtly than the judge who tries us; and are as much taken care of by the laws as the parliament-man who makes them. Then,

as to your thinking that the new ſcheme will make you happy, look among your own ſet, and ſee if any thing can be ſo diſmal and diſcontented as a leveller.—Look at France. Theſe poor French fellows uſed to be the merrieſt dogs in the world; but ſince equality came in, I don't believe a Frenchman has ever laughed.

Tom. What then doſt thou take French *liberty* to be?

Jack. To murder more men in one night, than ever their poor king did in his whole life.

Tom. And what doſt thou take a *Democrat* to be?

Jack. One who likes to be governed by a thouſand tyrants, and yet can't bear a king.

Tom. What is *Equality*?

Jack. For every man to pull down every one that is above him; while, inſtead of raiſing thoſe below him, to his own level, he only makes uſe of them as ſteps to raiſe himſelf to the place of thoſe he has tumbled down.

Tom. What is *the new Rights of Man*?

Jack. Battle, murder, and ſudden death.

Tom. What is it to be an *enlightened people*?

Jack. To put out the light of the goſpel, confound

confound right and wrong, and grope about in pitch darkneſs.

Tom. What is *Philoſophy*, that Tim Standiſh talks ſo much about?

Jack. To believe that there's neither God, nor devil, nor heaven, nor hell: to dig up a wicked old fellow's * rotten bones, whoſe books, Sir John ſays, have been the ruin of thouſands; and to ſet his figure up in a church and worſhip him.

Tom. And what is a *Patriot* according to the new ſchool?

Jack. A man who loves every other country better than his own, and France beſt of all.

Tom. And what is *benevolence?*

Jack. Why, in the new fangled language, it means contempt of religion, averſion to juſtice, overturning of law, doating on all mankind in general, and hating every body in particular.

Tom. And what mean the other hard words that Tim talks about—*organization* and *function*, and *civiſm*, and *inciviſm*, and *equalization*, and *inviolability*, and *imperſcriptible*, and *fraternization?*

* Voltaire.

Jack.

Jack. Nonfenfe, gibberifh, downright hocus-pocus. I know 'tis not Englifh; Sir John fays 'tis not Latin; and his valet de fham fays 'tis not French neither.

Tom. And yet Tim fays he never fhall be happy till all thefe fine things are brought over to England.

Jack. What! into this chriftian country, Tom? Why doft know they have no *Sabbath* in France? Their mob parliament meets on a Sunday to do their wicked work, as naturally as we do to go to church *. They have renounced God's word and God's day, and they don't even date in the year of our Lord. Why doft turn pale, man? And the rogues are always making fuch a noife, Tom, in the midft of their parliament-houfe, that their fpeaker rings a bell, like our penny-poftman, becaufe he can't keep them in order.

Tom. And doft thou believe they are as cruel as fome folks pretend?

Jack. I am fure they are, and I think I know the reafon. We chriftians fet a high value on life, becaufe we know that every fel-

* Since this they have crammed ten days into the week, in order to throw Sunday out of it.

low

low creature has an immortal ſoul: a ſoul to be ſaved or loſt, Tom—Whoever believes that, is a little cautious how he ſends a ſoul unprepared to his grand account. But he who believes a man is no better than a dog, will make no more ſcruple of killing one than the other.

Tom. And doſt thou think our Rights of Man will lead to all this wickedneſs?

Jack. As ſure as eggs are eggs.

Tom. I begin to think we're better off as we are.

Jack. I'm ſure on't. This is only a ſcheme to make us go back in every thing. 'Tis making ourſelves poor when we are getting rich, and diſcontented when we are comfortable.

Tom. I begin to think I'm not ſo very unhappy as I had got to fancy.

Jack. Tom, I don't care for drink myſelf, but thou doſt, and I'll argue with thee, not in the way of principle, but in thy own way; when there's all equality there will be no *ſuperfluity*; when there's no wages there'll be no drink; and levelling will rob thee of thy ale more than the malt tax does.

Tom. But Standifh fays, if we had a good government, there'd be no want of any thing.

Jack. He is like many others, who take the king's money and betray him: let him give up the profits of his place before he kicks at the hand that feeds him. Tho' I'm no fcholar, I know that a good government is a good thing. But don't go to make me believe that *any* government can make a bad man good, or a difcontented man happy.—What art mufing upon, man?

Tom. Let me fum up the evidence, as they fay at 'fizes—Hem! To cut every man's throat who does not think as I do, or hang him up at a lamp-poft!—Pretend liberty of confcience, and then banifh the parfons only for being confcientious!—Cry out liberty of the prefs, and hang up the firft man who writes his mind!—Lofe our poor laws!—Lofe one's wife perhaps upon every little tiff!—March without clothes, and fight without victuals!—No trade!—No bible!—No Sabbath nor day of reft!—No fafety, no comfort, no peace in this world—and no world to come!—Jack, I never knew thee tell a lie in my life.

Jack.

Jack. Nor wou'd I now, not even againſt the French.

Tom. And thou art very ſure we are not ruined?

Jack. I'll tell thee how we are ruined. We have a king, ſo loving, that he wou'd not hurt the people if he cou'd; and ſo kept in, that he cou'd not hurt the people if he wou'd. We have as much liberty as can make us happy, and more trade and riches than allows us to be good. We have the beſt laws in the world, if they were more ſtrictly enforced; and the beſt religion in the world, if it was but better followed. While Old England is ſafe, I'll glory in her, and pray for her, and when ſhe is in danger, I'll fight for her, and die for her.

Tom. And ſo will I too, Jack, that's what I will. (*ſings.*)

"*O the roaſt beef of Old England!*"

Jack. Thou art an honeſt fellow, Tom.

Tom. This is Roſe and Crown night, and Tim Standiſh is now at his miſchief; but we'll go and put an end to that fellow's work, or he'll corrupt the whole club.

Jack.

Jack. Come along.

Tom. No; firſt I'll ſtay to burn my book, and then I'll go and make a bonfire and—

Jack. Hold, Tom. There is but one thing worſe than a bitter enemy—and that is an imprudent friend. If thou wou'dſt ſhew thy love to thy King and Country, let's have no drinking, no riot, no bonfires; but put in practice this text, which our parſon preached on laſt Sunday, "Study to be quiet, work with your "own hands, and mind your own buſineſs."

Tom. And ſo I will, Jack—Come on.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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